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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Where are the gibes of the Government now? Last week the opposition to the Budget had collapsed; the Government were to sail triumphantly into port, bringing with them their precious Budget, whole and unamended. Concession? the very idea was scouted. Mr. Churchill at Saltburn could not contain himself. "The party managers of the Conservative party are shaking their heads and shaking in their shoes." What a different tale Wednesday told. Then we had Mr. Asquith standing up meekly and giving up position after position which Mr. Lloyd George and the party had fought for so valiantly. The great land valuation is to be charged on the State; the tax on ungotten minerals is to be abandoned altogether. Think of all the wealth of argument wasted on these precious proposals. And how many weary hours! Really this irresponsible way of treating the business of the country is a bit too much. What an efficient Ministry!

The Opposition have never lost heart in their attack on the Budget; nor wavered. But their spirits will be higher than ever now. Their most serious criticisms are more than justified. They have compelled the Government—with their two hundred majority—to adopt the suggestions of the Opposition on two vital points. It is a very great feat. Mr. Asquith is hurt at the slight recognition of the Government's generosity. They should have made their concessions earlier in the day; not grudgingly and of necessity. The Government gave way because they could not help it; it was very evident that they had no intention of yielding an inch until they found that the Opposition was

too strong for them. It is well that even in these days brute force of voting cannot wholly suppress superior argument.

Certainly the changes make the Budget less objectionable than it was. A duty on royalties is full of pitfalls, but it is not grotesquely ludicrous as was the proposed ungotten minerals tax—a tax which might have cost mineowners more than their entire revenue from their mines. And the waste of public money on the general valuation is not quite so bad as the flagrant injustice of throwing the burden of the cost on the private landowner. Whether the mass of taxpayers will enjoy paying a million and a half on this valuation and some half a million a year hereafter we doubt. The socialists want it as a basis for future operations. But those who are not socialists, but taxpayers, will, if we mistake not, repent of the whole business long before it is carried through. They will be sick when they realise that all this turmoil of land taxation results in nothing but a deficit. They will take but small consolation from the large revenue these taxes are to bring in—according to Mr. Asquith—one day.

Mr. Balfour put the net balance as to the undeveloped land tax very neatly. The tax would yield just about double what the Government had spent on entertainments—some £40,000 in all. This is what Sir Edward Grey calls providing for the defence of the Empire. This tax is even worse than the increment tax; for increment is, at any rate, in a sense realised gain, while the undeveloped land gain is problematic. A man might be required to pay the tax on land which could not be built on. Undoubtedly owners very often will have to pay on land which they cannot sell or develop if they would. Mr. Haldane should find some better argument than that land can have no building value until it can find a purchaser. Had the L.C.C. land by Aldwych and Kingsway, which was in the market unlet and unsold for years, no building value? It is surprising how badly Mr. Haldane has done as expositor of the Budget.

Later on the Government got into a quite awful tangle over this tax. Mr. Asquith has solemnly proclaimed that existing contracts were to be sacrosanct. But the Bill says that the undeveloped-land tax is to be payable by the owner any contract notwithstanding. Bang goes the Prime Minister's sanctity of existing contract. But Mr. Lloyd George makes things much worse by airily advising the landlord, if his tenant will not develop the land according to the lease, to call on the tenant to send him a cheque for the undeveloped-land tax or go. The Chancellor of the Exchequer advises the landlord to go behind the Act and the Attorney-General says it is all right. So we have the Government throwing over existing contracts in the face of the Prime Minister's solemn disclaimer and advising the landlord to make the tenant pay a tax which their own Bill says only the landlord is to pay, no matter what contract may stand in the way.

Mr. Hobhouse was caught out very neatly indeed by Lord Helmsley. Mr. Hobhouse had explained that the custom of the Woods and Forests Commissioners on renewing a lease was not to renew on the old basis, but to charge the tenant the rent the land would bear at the time of renewal. The rent of the United Service Club, for instance, was raised from £600 a year to £2560, with a premium of £10,000. This is precisely the kind of arrangement the Duke of Westminster made in the Gorrington renewal; but unfortunately the Chancellor of the Exchequer had called this blackmail. Was that which, done by a private person, was blackmail not blackmail when done by a public department? Mr. Hobhouse had no answer. To mutter that the gain went to the community is irrelevant, unless public advantage is to be held to condone robbery.

Sir Edward Grey had something to say about the Gorrington matter, too. He would find no fault with the Duke, who did only what he could not help doing. This was giving away Mr. Lloyd George with a vengeance. We wonder will the Liberal Publication Department circulate this speech along with Mr. Lloyd George's at Limehouse. We could not honestly advise them to; for it is a very uninspiring speech. Sir Edward cannot have it both ways. He has a great reputation as the safe sober man, the man whom the solid middle-class householder can trust in. But he cannot at the same time be the fiery partisan. When he has to make a party speech Sir Edward Grey does not come off. His sallies are slow and the general effect unhappy. They should not put him to such work, for his strength lies in his acceptance as something rather above party. If he loses that cachet, he will drop seriously in party value.

Indeed, we are really rather sorry for Sir Edward Grey. When a man has acquired the reputation of intense respectability, and of careful accuracy and moderation in the use of words, it is hard that his even platitudes should turn out to be quite as nonsensical as the wild, whirling words of Messrs. Churchill and Lloyd George. The Times gives Sir Edward Grey four columns and a half in his character as the safe man, and yet this speech at Leeds is as foolish a performance as any. Take, for instance, this sentence, "I ask, if money is really wanted, as it is wanted for the purposes I have described" (the Navy and old-age pensions), "if any man in this room was the Chancellor of the Exchequer looking round for what was a fair and reasonable source from which to draw money required for the national needs, could he find a fairer and more reasonable source than this unearned increment which I have described?" Here we have great affectation of fairness in expression—about a tax which was originally estimated to yield £50,000, and which it is now certain will cost more than it brings in. Really we prefer the robustious passion of Messrs. George and Churchill to the "smooth comforts false" of Sir Edward Grey.

Lord Lansdowne spoke at Bowood on Saturday. He is not exactly the man to answer Mr. Lloyd George.

It is rather like putting a dignified constable to catch a gamin with a catapult. Of course, if the truncheon should fall on the hooligan's head, he is knocked down; but he is more likely to dodge and get in a shot with his catapult. Naturally Lord Lansdowne was not going to say anything about the intention of the Lords as to the Budget. Time enough for that when the Bill reaches his Chamber. The "swooping robber bird" was the one touch of colour relieving both Lord Lansdowne's speech and Sir Edward Grey's.

Really the country will soon have to come to the rescue of the House. "The debauch of late sittings" is telling seriously. Mr. Asquith says he can do nothing to help. The House once, he said, sat at eight in the morning; but this was not, apparently, by way of suggested reform. Can we not get someone to march a company of soldiers—perhaps Mr. Haldane's Territorials even would do—into the House every night at eleven and clear the room? If there were an absolutely fixed period the night end, things would soon accommodate themselves at the other.

Under a Radical Ministry the departments do strange things. We all know of the antics of the Board of Education since 1906—antics that seem doomed to bring the board up sharp against the courts, though it will still kick against the pricks. Now the Board of Agriculture is making itself ridiculous—unfortunately more than ridiculous, very mischievous. Everyone who has any feeling for architecture and historic association knows of Bramshill house and park, and grieved with Sir Anthony Cope over the ruin done by fire not long since to his glorious place. Thus the story Mr. C. T. O'Donnell told in yesterday's Times has quite a public interest. Sir Anthony, it appears, faced the situation pluckily, and decided to turn his ruined woodland—some two thousand acres—to agricultural use, tillage and then pasturage. This, of course, required some capital outlay, and the General Land Drainage and Improvement Company were quite ready to make an advance of £2,000. But the Board of Agriculture, unluckily having a locus standi under certain Acts, here came in, and vetoed the loan. Really one would have thought the turning of park-land into tillage was quite a democratic ideal and would have appealed to that popular champion, Lord Carrington. Why should a good landowner—in view of the character of his place, almost a trustee for the nation—be thus hampered and injured by the sheer cussedness of a Government Department?

A tenant of Mr. Pierce Mahoney's, in Kerry, has been six years without paying rent, and all the time in a position to pay. There was a dispute as to the terms of tenancy, submitted to the arbitration of the local priests, and the tenant repudiated the arbitration after having accepted it. Mr. Mahoney proceeded to evict. The County Council proceeded to object. At the eviction the police had to attend against breaches of the peace, and for this they were assaulted. The crime was proved, and the criminals identified, but the two local magistrates found them not guilty. Such magistrates, put on the Bench by the League and the clergy, are now all over Ireland.

From the report of the proceedings of the Committee of Privileges sitting on the alleged interference of the Duke of Norfolk in the High Peak election, this "offence" is about the obscurest to be found in the books. Indeed, it hardly is to be found there. Peers have frequently interfered with elections, but there is no record of proceedings against them. The Duke says he did not authorise the publication of the letter. Then the subtle point arises whether the mere writing is a breach of privilege. The Attorney-General thinks an action at common law would not lie against the Duke. It is a comical idea—an action by the House of Commons for damages. Would the damages go to the Government? The Government may be thinking of this as a new source of revenue from the peerage. Or perhaps they would go to the Kitchen Committee. Unless the Government has some such object as this in view, what

purpose is to be gained by spending time and money and the energy and abilities of the Prime Minister, not to mention Mr. Swift MacNeill, on such solemn frivolities as this?

By issuing a communiqué to the Press, and by announcing that Lord Kitchener is to be made a Field-Marshal, the Government has attempted to invest the Mediterranean sinecure with increased importance, and by this means to draw a trail across the adverse comments which have been made on the extravagant folly. It is also said that in time Lord Kitchener is to be made Inspector of all our oversea forces. This, at any rate, solves the difficulty of finding employment for the retiring Indian Commander-in-Chief. He is also to have a seat on the Imperial Defence Committee. Thus, whilst appointing him to a very dignified position, the Government have the satisfaction of knowing that he must spend much of his time in the Mediterranean. So they will not be worried by having him too near: a soldier of his independent turn of mind is not persona grata within the purlieus of Downing Street and Whitehall.

It turns out now that exporters of goods to the United States will have the benefit of a reduction in tariffs that are prohibitive—provided that the reduction leaves them still prohibitive. To make up for concessions of this kind, over £160,000,000 worth of the goods now imported into the States will have the tariff raised on them. Thus the revision upward is on the goods that are imported, and the revision downward is on the goods that are not imported. Neither the manufacturer nor the Treasury can lose by conceding a fraction of nothing, and it will please the foreign exporters to know that such extensive concessions have been made in their favour. The whole of nothing has been made as large as possible, so that its fraction conceded should be large in proportion.

China and Japan have settled their dispute about the Antung line. Japan is to make the railway, so that the risk of a collision between the Chinese and Japanese soldiers, which just possibly might have led to war, is now removed. If there was anything more than the usual Chinese perversity in their resistance to the making of the line under the agreement of 1905, it may be accounted for by Japan having laid the original narrow-gauge line during the war without buying the land. As it is now agreed that the broad gauge is to be laid down, probably Japan has made arrangements for paying the owners both for the land originally taken and for the additional land required. If this has been the real difficulty, China was justified in holding out until it was settled.

Turkey managed her protest to Greece about the Cretan unrest very unskillfully. But the Young Turk Government is very nervous about losing the Cretan suzerainty as it lost the Bulgarian. Greece is as intriguing and malicious as Turkey assumes her to be; and the Turks got a fright when the Cretans planted the Greek flag where it had not flown before the troops of the four Powers were withdrawn. No doubt, too, the Turkish Government did a popular thing by having it out directly with the Greek Government. This was extremely risky, as the defiance by the Greek Government of the Turk would have been equally popular with the Cretans and their friends; and war might have been started before the Powers could stop it.

Fortunately the Greek Government, instead of doing the wrong thing, as Turkey did, and going on with the wrangle, appealed to the four Powers to manage the matter between it and Turkey. These Powers have declared that they intend to maintain the previous and present status of Turkey and Crete; and their first step has been successful. The Cretan Executive Committee were told that the Greek flag must be taken down from its unaccustomed position. This has been done, though there is a good deal of excitement about it in the island. Action of this kind, equally prompt if it again becomes

necessary, will help the two Governments to resist being dragged into war either by Turks or by Cretans who want to be Greeks.

Now that the Spanish Government has completely put down the disorders, all the anti-Government parties are pretending that they had nothing to do with them. Everything from beginning to end was done by anarchists and socialists, and the Republicans were as much taken by surprise as anybody. This is not the general opinion in Spain. It is believed that there was a Republican conspiracy, badly planned, that broke down, whereupon the anarchists got their chance and used it mercilessly; but the way had been prepared for them by the gentry who are now talking of the constitutional movement. As the parties who have factiously opposed the war will keep quiet for some time there is a prospect of more decisive measures against the Riffs. The Spaniards have so far only been able to repel the attacks on their towns and fortresses and to keep open their supplies; but it is reported that the Government has ordered General Marina to begin an advance movement which it is now in a position to support.

After nearly a fortnight of effort to bring a general strike to a head, the Swedish Federation of Trade Unions seems to be beaten. The Swedish attempt has come as near if not nearer than any of the many previous efforts that have been made to paralyse general industry for the purpose of gaining the victory in some particular labour dispute. We have lately been on the edge of such a strike in the miners' troubles; but in future cases it is probable the threat of general strikes may not loom so terribly as it has hitherto done. The French attempt failed, the Spanish attempt also, and now the Swedish. What is proved is that it is easy to threaten, but almost impossible to get all the trades to carry out orders. In Sweden the strike began with a dispute over wages in the cotton, woollen, and paper industries. The most important classes that struck in sympathy with the men against the lock-out were the printing trades. The most important that refrained were the railway men. It was shown that society can get on moderately well without newspapers; though in Sweden the strain was mercifully lessened by the Socialist papers being allowed.

But the lukewarmness of the railway men prevented the maximum inconvenience being inflicted, and to do this is the essential principle of the general strike. This is not the greatest inconvenience that might be inflicted; but even general strikers cannot use what would be the most powerful instrument. The Swedish unions had to exempt the men engaged on waterworks, in the hospitals, and in the burial of the dead. In the Middle Ages, when the Interdict was the most analogous case to the general strike, the Church did not shrink from suspending some of these functions such as the burial of the dead. Even it, however, might have hesitated at the cutting off of all water supplies. And so also a limit to the terrors of a general strike remains in human nature, and they will probably never be successful.

It is a good idea to make better provision for the social wants of Indian students in this country. The new Indian Bureau of the India Office ought to be useful socially, educationally, and politically. Mr. Edward Dicey, in the "Nineteenth Century" this month, shows how very unfortunate the position of young Indians is in this country. The conditions throw them into the hands of agitators, and they are more likely to return with stronger anti-English feelings than they had when they came. One thing he does not mention. This is that by a change of examination at the Inns of Court a knowledge of English is required, which few Indian students possess. The Indian Bureau purposes to find lodgings in English families for students. This is exactly what many of them wish, but cannot manage for themselves. Young and inexperienced as they are, and in a strange country, they get into scrapes social and political. Both from sympathy

and on public grounds we hope the Bureau may be successful. The murder of another official in India is announced; the motives are doubtful.

There is another class of law students who come from South Africa. Ample provision for teaching Roman-Dutch law, the law of South Africa, is made at the Inns of Court. To practise at the Cape Bar a law degree of the Cape University or being called as an English barrister is the present qualification. It makes one rather suspect the much-talked-of union of hearts to find that it is proposed to make a law degree at Leyden a sufficient qualification for the Cape Bar. The Transvaal Legislative Council also have a Bill to make a European law degree a qualification for the Transvaal Bar. This hankering after Dutch and German degrees, and ignoring the Universities in England and Ireland which make provision for teaching Roman-Dutch law, does not show any very ardent desire to cultivate the British connexion. The reason probably is that the Dutch dislike the influence English law has had on the Roman-Dutch law, and want to keep it for the future as free from this influence as they possibly can; and so they do not wish students to come to England.

Following closely on the report of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund deploring the falling-off in subscriptions from the public is an announcement of a great endowment for the treatment of cancer. This is the sum of £250,000, which the trustees of Mr. Harry Barnato have decided under the powers of his will to give to the Middlesex Hospital. At first sight there is some feeling of disappointment that these magnificent new resources for investigating cancer should not have been placed at the disposal of the Cancer Research Fund. Whatever treatment is at the command of present practice, whatever care cancer patients require, can be provided with our present means. What we lack is a sound theory and a scientific therapeutic founded on such a theory. Unfortunately we have neither, and our hope for it depends greatly on the researches of the Fund's savants. However, it appears provision is to be made under the Barnato bequest for research laboratories in connexion with the hospital work. The investigators will have the advantage, as all investigators now have, of working guided by the Fund's researches, and the connexion will be specially close as Sir Henry Morris, the secretary of the Fund, is consulting surgeon at the Middlesex Hospital.

In effect, the Whiskey Commission declares that there is no essential difference between the various kinds of whiskey, pot-still and patent-still, made from British barley and made from Indian corn. Now we understand Professor Hartley to declare that there is an essential difference, chemically, determinable, between pot-still and patent-still whiskeys. If that be so, the Commissioners have simply made a hash of the business. Professor Hartley lives in Dublin, has investigated in the chemistry of alcohol, and is one of Ireland's few men of science whose reputation extends farther than the Liffey. Has his assistance been asked?

Day after day Hyde Park is strewn with repellent bodies, the more objectionable because not dead. They are so thick on the grass that one is forced to go near them, and the sight leaves the mind sick for several hours. They infest the most beautiful spots, as if for the enjoyment of the pain they inflict. They are not the poor. Their most evident marks are liquid gluttony and vicious exhaustion. Was this the intention of Hyde Park, to make it unfit for decent people? If nothing better can be done, why not let them have a corner to themselves? It is an outrage on our children of all classes to let them see the kind of women that lie on the grass all day.

"It was a really magnificent spectacle", says the Times. What was this magnificent spectacle? The fleet at Southend or Spithead? Mr. Shackleton's fight with the elements? No; the "magnificent spectacle" was Mr. Ransford fielding in the test match.

THE VANISHING TAXES.

IF the management of the national finance were not a very serious thing, involving the credit of Great Britain on the bourses of the world, one would shout with laughter at the position of the Government. Carlyle gives us a picture of a knight who, slashed and gallooned and padded out in all the bravery of Elizabethan costume, caught his hose and doublet on a nail, and from out the rent there dribbled rapidly the sawdust, leaving a shrivelled, meagre mannikin. Those doughty knights, Messrs. Churchill and Lloyd George, have been prancing around on platforms telling an admiring proletariat how they were going at last to humble the pride of dukes, how the rapacious landlords were to be made to disgorge their spoils, and how with those spoils cupboards were to be filled, hearths brightened, and the country's pensioners conducted through waving corn-fields (ravished from the dukes) to happy graves. The Prime Minister, who still retains his sanity, has found himself obliged to thrust quite a long nail into the puffing and stuffing of these swaggering Pistols, who are thereby suddenly reduced to very shrunken mannikins. For where are the spoils of the landlords? Where are the coppers for the poor old men of Limehouse? So far from the landlords being made to bleed, it appears that the general body of taxpayers are to bleed by paying £6 to get 10s. Taking the Prime Minister's figures, as given to the House of Commons on Wednesday, the estimated yield from the land taxes for the current year (or rather for the six months that remain of it) is £325,000, and the estimated cost of valuation, to be paid by the public, is £300,000. Of this yield one moiety is to be distributed amongst the local authorities; and we cannot agree with Mr. Asquith that this deduction should not be made on the ground that the taxpayer has nothing to do with the destination of a tax after it has once reached the Exchequer. The taxpayers have everything to do with the application of their taxes. It may or may not be necessary or expedient to give fresh grants in aid of local rates; we have not been told so: we have been told that a deficit of £16,000,000 has arisen by reason of old-age pensions and Dreadnoughts, and we (the opponents of the Budget) have been taunted with our unwillingness to pay for these national objects. The relief of local rates is perfectly irrelevant to the discussion, and we are entitled to deduct from the estimated yield of £325,000 from land taxes one-half, or £162,000. But in this £325,000 was included the duty on ungotten minerals, which is now dropped, and which Mr. Haldane told us stood for half the total, so that the net proceeds coming to the Treasury will be £81,000. We refuse to add the yield from the new 5 per cent. tax on mining royalties, for that is merely another form of income tax levied not on land but rent, and has nothing to do with the valuation. But only a fourth or a third of the above net estimated proceeds can reach the Exchequer this year, because all the land taxes are levied on site value, and the site values cannot be completely arrived at, again quoting the Prime Minister, for "three or four years". Until the site value on a property has been agreed by the owner and the Government valuer, or by the referee, or by a court of law, the owner, still quoting Mr. Asquith, will not be called upon to pay the duty—obviously he cannot be. Therefore the estimated net yield for the current year must be divided by three or four, if by three it comes to £27,000, if by four it comes to £20,000. So that the taxpayers are to be called on to pay £300,000 to get £27,000 or £20,000, leaving an actual deficit of £273,000 or £280,000. It must, we think, be allowed by the most ardent Radical that half a sovereign is dear at six sovereigns.

The above we believe to be an actual, accurate statement of the cost and yield of the increment duty, the undeveloped land duty, and the reversion duty, basing the calculation on the Prime Minister's figures and confining our purview to the current year. We decline altogether to be led into the realms of financial speculation, which are well enough on the Stock Exchange, but are grievously out of place in the Budget. The Finance Bill is an instrument for providing for the needs of the year that is passing over us. It may be that four or five years hence these land taxes may yield a net revenue of

£80,000, though at a cost of collection estimated between £300,000 and £400,000 there will still be a balance of £200,000 or so on the wrong side. But how absolutely justified has the conduct of the Opposition in the House of Commons and of the Unionists out of doors and in the press been by the amendments which were laid on the table by the head of the Government! We opposed these land taxes because they were unworkable, unjust and unremunerative. We denounced as oppressive the proposal to make the owners pay for the valuation on which they were to be taxed. Well, now it is admitted that the taxes will bring in next to nothing, and that the public must pay for the valuation. We have described these land taxes as vindictive taxation levied on a class politically opposed to the Government. What are the marks of punitive class taxation? That a class of the community should be vexed and alarmed, and that no money should be gained thereby. That is exactly what happens in this case. The owners of land are to be hunted for the sport of the public, or that section of the public which believes in Mr. Lloyd George. Thanks to the Unionist party, the public is to be made to pay for its sport.

Does the Prime Minister not now regret that he handed over the Exchequer to a provincial attorney, nursed in the crude socialism of the "Keltic fringe"? It was so obvious, and it would have been so easy, to make Mr. Haldane Chancellor of the Exchequer! As it is, Mr. Haldane is requisitioned whenever the metaphysical niceties of site value surpass the capacity of Mr. Lloyd George. And the question of the site value of undeveloped lands bristles with metaphysical subtleties, in which the Secretary for War, steeped in German philosophy, seems to revel. We confess that these distinctions and definitions, in which Mr. Haldane lovingly envelops his pure abstraction, fairly puzzles us. What is the site value of undeveloped land? Mr. Haldane has told us repeatedly, with some irritation at the stupidity of the ordinary man, that it means present, not potential, value, though not realised value, a price, that is, which is in the land, though it has not been obtained for the land. And what is undeveloped land? Agricultural land is said to be excluded, and land which is worth less than £50 an acre, and building land on which the owner has expended £100 an acre during the last ten years. These are large exceptions, and must materially reduce the estimated yield from the tax which we gave above. But how is agricultural land to be excluded? Land which is waiting for the builder is usually let out for grazing; when does such land cease to be agricultural and become building land? Mr. Haldane says "When it is wanted for building". But how is that want expressed except by an offer from a builder? Few landlords refuse such offers nowadays; so that it looks as if the undeveloped land duty would fall, not on the original owner, but on the building owner, in the interval between his buying and building on the land. The squire is not to be taxed until his land is "wanted", until an offer has been made for it. He accepts the offer, and, hey presto! the undeveloped land duty is straightway transferred to the builder who buys. It certainly would be a strange issue of Radical-Socialist finance if the murderous blow aimed at the old county families were to fall on the head of that dapper middle-class Prudhomme, the speculative builder. Yet such, we maintain, will be the undoubted effect of the duty on undeveloped land. When this is realised the Budget will become still less popular in those provincial circles which are at present so devoted to the chapel and Mr. Lloyd George. Let Lord Lansdowne consider the point, and he may arrive at the same conclusion as we have done—namely that, so far as the undeveloped land tax goes, it is not the squirearchy but the building trade that requires protection at the hands of the House of Lords.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

TOO much fuss has been made about China and Japan. It was assumed that, because certain matters were in dispute upon which one refused to yield and the other to arbitrate, there was risk of the quarrel being

pushed to the verge if not the actuality of war. There might have been such risk in the case of European Powers. There was grave risk when British and Russian sentries were drawn up facing—almost touching—each other along a disputed frontage during the Boxer troubles, at Tientsin. There was perhaps the risk that a gun might go off, if it had come to Japanese guards pushing Chinese guards away from the Antung-Mukden railway this week; the Japanese are an excitable people, and might have jumped then to the conclusion that the national honour required vindication on an unnecessary scale, though it is almost inconceivable that even "Young China" should think itself able to resist by force of arms any action the Japanese might take. But the attitude of both was, as a matter of fact, normal. Japan observes agreements, though she may, upon occasion, strain somewhat severely the interpretation of a doubt: whereas of China it is true to-day, as a well-known writer said ten years ago: "We think when we have induced the Chinese Government to sign an agreement, that it is all over; but as a matter of fact it is only beginning: instead of irritating us by refusing a request abruptly, they have granted it in form without any intention of doing so in substance—farther than they are obliged. We stand aghast by-and-by at the discovery, and insist; and the mandarins put us off, and put us off again—as long as they dare". There is a very general feeling that the Japanese have pushed their interpretation of the 1905 treaty quite far enough in the case of Fakumen; while it will appear probably, to most people, that the construction of tunnels and adaptation of gauge are essential to the "improvement" of the Antung railway for which the same agreement provides. And so the mandarins have apparently recognised—assuming, that is, that there was ever any conviction in their resistance. Having resisted, characteristically, as long as they dared, they give way, veiling retreat behind reservations having no meaning other than "to save face". The Wai-wu-pu is, we know, ignorant enough; but if it did not know that in stipulating for identity of gauge with the Imperial Chinese railway, and for a survey of route by a joint commission, it was forcing an open door, one must be prepared to assume—well, that the mandarin mind is built upside down; for a joint commission has surveyed and reported, and the gauge of the two railways is the same. It would be easier to believe, even, that the solution was prearranged. It is no revelation to men who know China to read that the power of the Central Government over the provinces is weak: the article (in the "Fortnightly") from which we have already quoted satirised the futility with which we set ourselves, at the beginning of our treaty intercourse, to reform that condition of affairs. "We had chosen to assume the existence of an Imperial Authority supreme and centralised in all respects; whereas we were in presence, really, of a congeries of satrapies bound, each, to contribute its quota to the imperial exchequer and to obey imperial decrees, but possessing, each, a large degree of financial and administrative independence. We ignored these relations, and set ourselves to strengthen the Central Power: we were going to centralise the finances as well as the forces, and to use a Government which it was presumed would be grateful and docile, to impose reform on the Provinces from above. China being in case, things turned out, of course, exactly the reverse. . . ." So there is nothing new in the self-assertion of the Provinces; though it may perhaps be true that, in proportion as we have been urging the Central Government to impose more novel conditions, resistance has become more manifest. Neither is there anything new in the prevarication and procrastination of officials. It is a consequence of the peculiar conditions of balance under which the Chinese administration is carried on that the occupants of high office dread responsibility: the Peking correspondent of the "Times" has recently told us how abnormally weak is the personnel of the Wai-wu-pu. Where action is certain to be attacked, men less than strong—men, especially, bred in the atmosphere of Chinese officialdom—seek refuge in inaction; and the Japanese are not alone in

complaining that, since Yuan Shih-kai left, there is no one at Peking to negotiate with. It is just conceivable, then, that such men as are left chose to have their hands forced, having provided a (Chinese) way of retreat.

But the Antung-Mukden railway is not the only question in dispute between the two Powers, nor are the others perhaps so easy of solution; though solution would be facilitated if both could be brought to see that the fault is not always on one side. If it be true, for instance, that the Japanese began the trouble by annexing instead of purchasing the land required for the Antung line, it is to be hoped that they will now rectify the wrong as an incident in present rearrangements. And so with respect to Chientao, and the difficulties about Yalu timber, and the questions of railway guards, and Fakumen. It would be matter for congratulation if the negotiations that are understood to have been reopened should result in a general settlement on the basis of give and take. Character and temperament will remain factors in any controversy between nations so different in temperament and character as the Chinese and Japanese; but attitude may be modified, facts taken into account; and above all the principle might be recognised that it is in the interests of both to pull together along the road of progress instead of wasting time and energy in disputes which give opportunity for intrigue and hinder the drastic reforms which alone can enable China to assume the position she desires. The sovereign rights about which she is so fond of talking must be based on the power to uphold them; and that power can only be attained by administrative and financial reforms of which there is no sign. Instead of projecting representative institutions for which her people are neither fit by nature nor prepared, or a navy for which she neither can nor is likely for many decades to be able to pay, let her make a beginning at reforming her finances and placing at the head of affairs a vigorous and clean-handed statesman, if such can be found. It is characteristic that she who has undertaken to abolish lekin should exact it to the detriment of the Shanghai-Nanking railway and find it a grievance that Japan refuses to collect it on the South Manchurian line, just as there is something characteristically puerile in the argument that Japan derives an unfair competitive advantage from action which she has only to imitate. It is characteristic that Japan should seek to make the most of the position she has gained at the cost of a war but for which China would have no word to say in respect of railways or gauge or lekin or any other matter in Manchuria at all. Still, it is not impossible that, if China were less ingrate, Japan might be more complaisant. But so long as exaction on one side is opposed by stolidity on the other, there can seemingly be no other solution than an assertion by might that it is right. It would be infinitely regrettable that this state of things should continue.

It is an old trick of China to play off one Power against another, but it is a game that, as her own annals show, may be played too often. The national vanity is of a quality that no rebuff, disaster, defeat, nor any other form of demonstration can, seemingly, shake. The misfortune is that corruption and inefficiency seem equally ingrained. Our postulate was questioned in some quarters when we characterised Yuan's dismissal as indicative of Manchu reaction, though it was admitted that his withdrawal was a loss; but it will hardly be questioned to-day that things have gone since from bad to worse. Progress of a kind there is; and people see in it more or less hope for the future, according to their temperaments and estimates of need. But it is still true, as Dr. Morrison remarked eight months ago, that "China has no budget, no rational financial system, no uniform currency", that the administration of justice is still unreformed and corruption as prevalent as ever. It may be added that debased coins have been multiplied, and that an unsecured paper currency has been issued with a freedom that has called forth earnest remonstrance at Peking. These defects are recorded against China with impatience it may be, but with a wish on the part

of her critics that she would try to set her house in order for her own sake as well as ours. For a balance of power is desirable in the East as well as in the West. Opposite conditions make for unrest, as weakness makes for intrigue; and they are no true friends of China who flatter her with assurances of equality where there is no equality and of sympathy which is undeserved. The Regent was well spoken of, and people were willing to believe well of him when he assumed power. They are willing to believe that if the promise has not been fulfilled it is because his position is difficult, and that he lacks personality or prestige to direct the course of events. He would inspire better hope for the future if he would begin by placing at the head of affairs a statesman typical of the vaunted modern school in place of the elderly prince who typifies all that is worst of the traditions of the Tsung-li-Yamen and the vanity and incapacity of the old régime.

A BILL TO MAKE CRIMINALS.

THE Irish Land Bill began by charging the Irish peasants for £14,000,000 worth of organised crime, dear at the money. The capitalised estimate is by Mr. Hobhouse, an able member of the Government, and it is the difference made by raising the tenants' annual payments for interest and principal from £3 5s. to £3 10s. per cent. on the purchase-money. The £3 5s. was enough at the time of the Wyndham Act, when there was a Government to deal with crime; but since then we have had "government in accordance with Irish ideas", crime going up, security going down, and now the unfortunate peasant has to pay for his leaders' policy of "making government impossible". Crime does not attract investors, and the peasant can no longer buy his farm short of £3 10s. per cent.

Instead of charging the peasants, who are innocent of the "national policy", the £14,000,000 ought to be charged to the Irish parliamentary party, who alone profited by the crime; but then the bailiff would return "No effects", and Mr. Birrell would not like to place his valued allies in such an awkward position. Did they not "give Birrell a chance" and consent to stop crime for a time to make him look like a successful statesman? Men of expert ability cannot without a consideration be expected to suspend the practice of their profession and endanger their emoluments.

Irish "public opinion" being a private machine, worked by the professional criminals for their own profits, the peasants are kept in complete ignorance about the £14,000,000. There is no telling how it would endanger "the cause" if it came out that the people were paying for the crime organised by their leaders in the name of statesmanship, and penalised by their friend Mr. Birrell by £14,000,000 on the peasants' annuities. The Irish are the only people with a "national cause" that exists only on their own ignorance of it.

The increase of the terms against the tenant is not in the direction of "stimulating" land purchase, and the next provision approved by Committee is still more discouraging. There is £52,000,000 worth of land sold without money to pay for it, and the sellers are asked to accept £93 or £94 for every £100 that the tenants have agreed to pay with the approval of the judicial authority in Dublin. Even at £93-4 these victims of Mr. Birrell and his criminal allies must accept paper, without a cash basis, so that any increase in it on the market due to "stimulated" sales must go to make a further loss below £93 for the man who holds the paper. On the other hand, should the market price of the paper by any chance rise above par the Exchequer is held free to work in cash instead, and to save the premium against the investing public. It is paper as long as the public may lose by buying it, and it ceases to be paper as soon as the Treasury may lose by selling it. Even now £8 worth of "excess stock" must be issued at the expense of the taxpayer with every £100 worth of this paper to make it worth £100; but it is still not worth that, as it leaves a loss of £6 to £7 per

cent. on the landlord, since the market price of the present stock, on a cash basis, is under £86. The Bill assumes it to be worth £92 when it is selling for 85½, and then, out of taxation, adds the £8, the difference between £92 and £100. Can the landlords afford to lose 6 to 7 per cent. on their settled bargains? If not, let them "wait for cash", that is, remain as they are, with their land sold and no payment for perhaps twelve years. Besides, a later provision in the Bill actually reduces the total cash available for purchase by one-fifth, since the million a year for congestion must come out of the present five millions a year for ordinary purchase. There is not an additional cent in cash at any point. It is hard to think that Mr. Birrell can be in earnest, but he appears to have got some hold on the Irish members. Few of them are capable of understanding the matter, and the fewer they are the easier to get them "squared". The ordinary Irish member trots from lobby to lobby under orders without the smallest notion how or why he is to vote. The few at the top know how and why, but the Government appear to be in touch with those.

The "sliding scale" for bonus now stands part of the Bill, graduated to rise as the years' purchase falls. A man selling his estate for twenty-five times the rent or more gets nothing. Selling at twenty-four times the rent he gets 3 per cent., and then up it slides until he gets 16 per cent. at seventeen years' purchase. The Bill assumes that no land can be sold either over twenty-four years' purchase or under seventeen years' purchase; yet the success claimed for the Congested Districts Board is based on thirteen years' purchase, that being the price paid for the great Dillon property in Mayo. It is known now that there has been no success, even with thirteen years' purchase, a price so low that Mr. Birrell excludes it from the calculation on which his Bill is based. With all the experienced ability of the people's leaders, neither the quantity nor the quality of their organised crime has been enough to prevent a rise in the landlord's price, which, in spite of everything, has risen in recent years at least at the rate of one year's purchase every year. Yet the £14,000,000 worth of organised crime was to drive down the landlord's price, and so the national policy of "making government impossible" is a failure even on its own ground, with its cost completely uncompensated to those who must now bear it. It is a pity that these Irish facts cannot be made known to the Irish people; but the organisation of crime is a profitable pursuit for the organisers, and they keep the unfortunate peasants in complete ignorance of the game that goes on between themselves and the Government. The local papers dare print nothing but what "the members" like, and "the members" do not like the people to know that they are paying for crime which fails to prevent the landlord's price from rising. If the people got to know this, they might stop the crime, "the cause" might burst, and the brilliant statesmen might have to go ploughing—if they could.

The Government admit, through Mr. Hobhouse, that they are going to save three millions by the "sliding" arrangement, as compared with Mr. Wyndham's level twelve all round; but this saving means so much less inducement for the landlord to sell, unless at prices increased to get the three millions out of the tenants, who are kept ignorant of this also. That is not the worst. The highest bonus is to go where the organised crime has been most successful. Where crime keeps the years' purchase at the lowest point, Mr. Birrell increases his bonus to 16 per cent., that is, 4 per cent. more than Mr. Wyndham's, and here the tenant may become the owner of his farm; but where peace permits the highest years' purchase there is no bonus at all, and the tenant remains as he is, though he is the tenant who really deserves to be helped. In short, Mr. Birrell fines the tenant who keeps the law, and with the fine rewards the tenant who breaks it. The man who is not enough of a criminal to make Mr. Birrell's Bill a "popular success" remains out in the cold, doing penance for his peaceful character; but the criminal is encouraged by a statutory premium at the expense

of the taxpayers of the United Kingdom, since the whole of the bonus, sliding or fixed, comes out of taxation apart from the price of the land.

All that is bad enough, but Part III. of the Bill, still to go through Committee, is much worse, especially the clause which proposes compulsion, with nine county council hooligans to work it in the name of "Democracy", where "public opinion" is a private machine and nothing really democratic is possible. There is no provision to capitalise and work a test colony of the congests in a prairie, which ought to have been done from the start, instead of distributing money among parish favourites; yet the Congested Districts Board, of which Mr. Birrell is the head, have a colony scheme approved but in hiding, and the Government dare not produce it. Sir Horace Plunkett also has a colony scheme, and the Government have never asked him to produce it for the benefit of the Bill. Is this because of Mr. Dillon's recent confession that the League would not permit the congests to leave congestion? Then, if the statutory reward for crime be so obvious outside the compulsory areas, it must be still more obvious inside, with the very hooligans who organise the crime holding seats on the Board to work the compulsory provisions. The Bill cannot advance land purchase. What it can advance is crime, the thing most ruinous to Ireland but most necessary to those whom she sends to Parliament, and who have really no footing in public life unless on a basis of law-breaking.

WHISKEY.

WHISKEY remains the same as it was before, "a spirit obtained by distillation from a mash of cereal grains", with the difference that "Scotch whiskey is whiskey, as above defined, distilled in Scotland", and that "Irish whiskey is whiskey, as above defined, distilled in Ireland". Thus whiskey is a thing which is two different things in two different places at the same time, but remains one and the same thing all the time in both places. What was held to be a chemical difference becomes a geographical one, but is at the same time not a difference at all. We have thought deeply on this. Perhaps we shall think about it again, meantime keeping such an open mind as the effort requires. The definitions are the work of the best men on the subject, not done after dinner, and, as in our fifth-form days, we abstain from expressing ourselves rashly, on the possible ground that the thing is too profound for us.

At the same time, we may take leave to illustrate the limits of our own understanding. Any intelligent inquiry into the question "What is whiskey?" falls naturally into three divisions—the historical, the chemical and the psychological, which latter is obviously the primary one, the other two being merely subsidiary. The Commission itself admits most of this, dealing freely in the history and the chemistry. The history has to do with the evolution of processes. The chemistry has to do with the derivation through substances. The psychology is concerned with the effect in application, the primary purpose of the whole business. That is what makes the conduct of the Commission so strange, ignoring the most important matter of all.

Perhaps they had difficulty in attracting witnesses as to the effect, and there is complaint that they did not call sufficiently on Ireland for evidence. They might also have tried the Salvation Army. Neither history nor chemistry is a strong point with the Irishmen in the House of Commons, but they are irrepressible psychologists, and they ought to have been called. Their division of the subject, though belonging technically to the abstract region, was the one in which the most definite evidence as to distinctions could be produced. Even the learned differ in history and in chemistry; but, without learning, experience in the psychology of alcohol enables a man to know exactly the condition of his head next morning, Scotch or Irish, barley or treacle. Given time and means, as enjoyed in Parliament, an experienced man can know the exact distinctions by the delicate nervous promptings from the base of his skull. The

Irish members ought to have been called. We are always ready to acknowledge their legitimate grievances.

This conflict between science and experience is not confined to drink. A few years ago a gentleman in Dublin evolved a food for calves. It was a perfect food. The chemists sat on it and declared it so. The historians confirmed the chemists. The analysis showed something for calves which was better than cows' milk, and the historians dug up the alchemy of the subject to correspond. Learned men pondered in laboratories over the discovery, and could discover nothing wrong in it. Shares were bought and sold. Factories were set smoking. All was done that science and capital could do, but the cows were not consulted, and there was still one little defect in the new food—it killed the calves. More evidence, and on a broader basis, ought to have been taken from Irishmen on the great question, What is whiskey?

The report is vague even in its history and chemistry. For instance, it recognises no difference between barley malt and Indian corn for the basis of the preparatory "mash"; oats and rye may come among the barley in Ireland without making any official difference, and on the same footing barley may be imported if found inconveniently dear at home, so that the official definition of whiskey admits even an economic factor. Now, the average Irish member, without either chemistry or history, could have demonstrated most fundamental distinctions as regards these substances, based on better evidence than anything we can find in the report from beginning to end. The official effect, however hard to understand, makes a distinct disadvantage for the Irish distilleries, which stuck to the "pot-still" in preference to the more rapid process, claiming for the result a distinctive quality beyond the ken of the analyst and determinable solely through the nerves. On the analogy of the dead calves the Irishman would appear to be right; but, like the inventor of the food that killed the calves, the Commissioners appear to deny anything that cannot be chemically expressed and historically described. There is no chemical formula for the qualities of the sensations that radiate from the back of a man's head next morning, and nothing is more certain than the reality of these; but the Commissioners ignore any such experience as might guide them in this most interesting part of their business. Irish manufacturers of various products have been kept honest by their technical incapacity for novel adoptions. For instance, they do not yet know how to mix "shoddy" in their cloth, which keeps their tweeds as healthy as their whiskey. Some of what they lost in money-making they gained in reputation; but now, in the matter of whiskey, they stand to be deprived of both the reputation and the money.

THE CITY.

WE were not far wrong in our supposition last week that the little spurt on the Stock Exchange after the settlement was due to jobbers laying in stock against the autumn. The professionals always buy a certain amount of stock at quiet times and during the holidays, so as to be prepared for the public demand, which it is assumed will revive when people return to town. If the public do not buy Kaffirs in September or October there will be something like a slump, caused by the professionals throwing out the shares they bought last week. This forecast of course excludes the unexpected or abnormal, whether in the shape of good or bad news. There is, for instance, a rumour of a shortage of black labour on the Witwatersrand, to which the big people do not seem to pay any attention. On the other hand, there is the report of the discovery of another Rand in the Abercorn district of Rhodesia, which has served to put up Chartered and all Rhodesian shares. We long ago recommended the purchase of Rhodesian Coppers at 9s.; they are now at 11s., and as the railway will reach the mine in a few months the shares are confidently talked to £1. Mines outside the Transvaal are quite unaffected by ordinary market fluctuations. Alaska Treadwells, which our readers ought to have bought at 5, are now at 7; and Alaska Mexicans, after paying an interim

dividend at the rate of 40 per cent., have risen from 3 to 3½. For a pure gamble we should advise Chartered, but it is too hot even to think of gambling, though Throgmorton Street is always in the shade.

Despite of the heat wave in New York, Wall Street is more active than ever, Union Pacifics having touched 210 and Steel Commons 80. Seeing that these latter shares have been at 42 during the last six months, the rise is sensational. We hope that it will be justified by the dividend. The United States Steel Corporation is to spend another £10,000,000 on the Gary plants. Another period of heavy steel and iron construction is said to be under way in the United States.

The traffics of the leading Argentine railways show declines, and Pacific ordinary stock has fallen to 102. But Buenos Ayres Western at 130 and Great Southerns at 124 are too high, and will have to come down in the next two years. The best foreign railway to buy for a slow rise is Leopoldina Ordinary, which have crept up from 69 to 72.

A new rubber company in some part of the Far East is introduced to the market every day. The Dutch stockbrokers in Amsterdam are beginning to incline their ear favourably to rubber flotations, partly because the shares in sugar companies have got too high for safety and partly because the tobacco companies in the Dutch East Indies have had two bad years. Java is of course a splendid country for growing rubber or any other tropical plant, and so is Dutch East Borneo. English investors would, however, do well to be careful how they put their money into Dutch companies. There are all sorts of Government taxes to be paid by Dutch companies, and Dutchmen are not particularly pleasant to do business with. But of all rubber speculations the most dangerous are those which are started in Brazil. The plantation rubber of Ceylon and the Malay States must in time knock out the Brazilian Para. It is said that some manufacturers of rubber goods find the plantation rubber not so tough as the Brazilian Para. It is possible, indeed probable, that the Ceylon and Malay planters "over-treat" their rubber, that is, roll, wash and bake it too much; it is also the fact that there is a good deal of premature tapping of young trees. The gum from young trees undoubtedly does not make such tough rubber as the gum from the wild forest trees in Brazil. But the Ceylon planters will learn their lesson, and, when they have learned it, wild rubber will not be able to stand against plantation. At the present extraordinarily high prices a great many companies have sold their output ahead for the next year: some even for the next two years.

INSURANCE: POLICIES AT LOW PREMIUMS.

ONE form of life assurance at low rates of premium was described last week. This was convertible term assurance, under which the policyholder pays for two chances: one is the chance that he may die within the term, and the second is the chance that his health may deteriorate before he converts this policy into one of another kind. It thus provides protection, and protection only, but does not carry with it the certainty that a claim will arise under the policy at some time or other. The assured may survive the term, may not exercise his right to take some other kind of policy at a higher rate of premium; and in these circumstances the transaction terminates when the end of the period is reached, and no part of the premiums that have been paid is returned to the policyholder. Although excellent for people who have small incomes at present and the prospect of considerably larger incomes later on, there is not much attraction in these policies under other conditions.

The next lowest rate of premium for life assurance is charged for whole-life policies, under which the sum assured is paid at death whenever it happens, premiums having to be paid throughout the whole lifetime of the assured.

Policies of this kind can be taken either without participation in the profits or on the discounted-bonus plan. Non-profit policies for £1000 involve a premium of £20 or a trifle less if the assurance is effected

at age thirty and of about £26 a year if the policy commences at age forty. The Old Equitable Society have recently offered non-profit whole-life policies for sums not less than £1000, and taken out for the purposes of providing death duties, on still lower terms. The annual premium is £17 17s. at age thirty and £24 12s. at age forty for £1000.

The discounted-bonus system provides that policyholders share in the profits of the life office, but instead of paying a high rate of premium, which is returned later on in one form or another by means of bonuses, the future profits or part of them are discounted and allowed from the outset as a reduction of the premium. The lowest annual cost for policies of this kind is £18 a year at age thirty and £25 a year at age forty. Under most of these policies it is provided that if the bonuses actually declared in the future prove to be larger than the bonuses discounted the difference is paid to the policyholder. Thus the Scottish Amicable Society, which introduced this system a great many years ago, discounts a bonus of 30s. per cent. per annum calculated upon sums assured and previous bonuses. The society gives a bonus at the higher rate of 35s., with the result that policies at extremely low rates of premium receive a reversionary bonus which increases the sum assured under a policy of £1000 by £2 10s. a year. If, on the other hand, the bonuses declared fall short of the bonuses discounted, the policyholder has to make good the difference, either by paying up the premium or by incurring a small debt upon the policy. In view of the reductions which have been made in the premiums for non-profit policies in recent years, the discounted-bonus system is perhaps less attractive than it was when non-profit rates were higher. It is very unsatisfactory for policyholders to be called upon to pay more than the normal rate of premium, and on the whole a well-selected non-profit policy is now preferable to the discounted-bonus system.

Some offices issue policies under which the ordinary rate of premium is reduced to one-half for the first five years. At the end of this time the policyholder has to pay the full premium. If he dies meanwhile the sum assured is paid to the estate, but during the period that the lower rate of premium is being paid these policies carry no surrender value. They are in effect convertible term policies for a period of five years only, and are much less satisfactory than the convertible term policies which give people the right to change to more expensive kinds of assurance at any time within twenty or even thirty-five years. Premium rates for policies of this kind used to appear in many prospectuses in years gone by, but they are not attractive contracts, since the objects accomplished by means of them can be attained more effectively in other ways.

THE BUDGET AGITATION.

By ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

A LETTER appeared in the "Times" at the beginning of the week complaining that the opposition to the Budget out of doors was weakening, and blaming the Central Office of the Conservative party for its failure to grasp the situation. This is not quite fair. The Central Office cannot suddenly create materials which at present it does not possess. The debates on the Budget in the House of Commons are too technical and difficult for the public to follow, while Ministers and their friends are only too eager to shift discussion from Parliament and the press to the platform. In the agitation of the market-place the Unionist party is always at a comparative disadvantage, but more particularly at the present time. Platform speakers may be divided into three classes: (1) Ministers and ex-Ministers; (2) members of Parliament (unofficial); (3) speakers, paid and unpaid, educated and uneducated, ranging from professors and barristers, through the "lecturer", down to the agitator and tub-thumper. In Class 1 it might be thought that the Opposition must have the advantage over the Government; and so it had in former days, when it was understood that Ministers were paid to look after the

business of their departments, and afterwards to attend the House of Commons. But Messrs. Churchill and Lloyd George have changed all that. Mr. Churchill is the head of one of the largest and busiest of the public offices, the one which exercises a supervisory and auxiliary control over the commerce of the richest nation in the world. He makes on an average three platform speeches a week, generally in remote places such as Bournemouth, Edinburgh, and Norwich. Deducting the time necessary for the preparation of those speeches, the time consumed in travelling, and the hours between 4 and 6 P.M. when he must be in his place in the House of Commons, the residue of hours left over for attendance at the Board of Trade must be small. Likewise the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in charge of the most voluminous and complicated Budget ever submitted to Parliament, has apparently no difficulty in finding time constantly to occupy the platform. To this brace of demagogues, the most unscrupulous that ever disturbed the destiny of a nation, must be added the very effective second line of Ministerial speakers, such as Messrs. Samuel, Masterman, and Runciman. Against this band of propagandists, speaking with all the authority of high office, whom have the Unionists put up? Of the members of the late Government the only one who has grasped the importance of fighting the Budget outside Parliament is Mr. Walter Long. His labours, both in speaking and in organisation, have been unwearied; and deserve, as indeed they have excited, the liveliest gratitude from his party. But one swallow does not make a summer. It has to be admitted that in the first, or Ministerial, class of speakers the Unionists are out-numbered and out-talked by the Radicals. (2) In the second class of speakers, the unofficial members of Parliament, the Unionists are at a hopeless and irreparable disadvantage, through no fault of theirs or of the Central Office. The Government majority is so large that any number of Radical members can be spared for meetings. The number of Unionist members, making allowance for the sick and those abroad, is not much over a hundred, and they must be in their places in the House of Commons, pairing (except at the rate of one Unionist against two Radicals) being, I understand, discontinued. To be sure, there are the Unionist peers, and they, I think, ought to bestir themselves and take the platform far more frequently than they do. If every Conservative peer would take the chair or speak at a meeting in his own neighbourhood, a great deal of good could be done. The trouble with the peers is that "they will not sally forth and see their adversary". (3) But by far the most difficult problem is how to cope with the flood of socialist speeches which is poured forth by the nameless hirelings of the Radical party and of the various socialist agencies that are spread like a network over the country. There is much money and some real enthusiasm in the business. How are we to meet it? The mental temperament and the physical condition of the average Conservative does not equip him, disables him much rather, for the duty of haranguing a handful of costermongers on Margate sands or addressing a serious argument on unearned increment to the apple-woman and the butcher-boy at the street corner. Nevertheless, the thing having to be done, somebody must be found to do it, or, as Lord Charles Beresford said, "Good-night!" The view has been expressed that the Unionist candidates ought to do more in the way of propaganda. Alas! the Unionist candidates have been chosen for the most part on cheque-book considerations, and are no more fitted than the Conservative associations which pocket their subscriptions to educate our masters. Still, it is a question worth considering whether the Budget Protest League would not do well to use the existing Unionist organisations for the holding of meetings. The idea has been hitherto that meetings to protest against the Budget should not be party affairs, but open meetings of citizens, with a view to securing the adhesion of moderate Liberals. In so far as the anti-Budget meetings have, I believe, all been open, and sometimes numerously attended by Liberals, the idea has been well worked. But no Liberal, however he might secretly disapprove of the

Budget, would openly assist in his own neighbourhood in getting up a meeting to oppose it. The most we can expect of a sympathetic Liberal is that he should sit in the body of the hall and hold up his hand in favour of the condemnatory resolution. It will not matter to such a Liberal whether the meeting has been organised by the Budget Protest League or by the local Unionist association: the dissentient Liberal knows in either case that he is being cherished by his political opponents. And the local party organisation must have means of arranging a meeting superior to those possessed by the London people, however hard they may work. I think therefore that time would be saved and efficiency promoted by dropping the pretence of no-party politics. Messrs. Churchill and George certainly do not trouble themselves or their meetings with any make-believe on the subject. Our young barristers do fairly well, though it is to be feared their legal studies suffer. One or two professors, projected by the London School of Economics into politics, strive hard to forget their curves and polygons and to acquire the methods of the demagogue. They do better than the barristers, especially in the North, where they like statistics. Then there are the "lecturers", sometimes clever working men, who would do better if they were not suspected of being paid by capitalists. But lecturers, professors and barristers are a mere handful as compared with the army of mercenaries and enthusiasts fighting for the other side. We too must train and pay agitators, men who will speak anywhere and at all times, in parks, streets, workshops, mills, from tubs, waggons, pulpits. A new profession, like that of the chauffeur, has arisen, that, namely, of the political speaker. Let us see to it that the calling is respectable and adequately paid, for its practitioners will be more powerful than Board School teachers. Do not, however, let us blame the Central Office of the Conservative party because it cannot by a wave of the pen call these new apostles into being.

TEST-MATCH CRICKET.

IF one cannot rejoice at the manner of the last test match's ending, we can rejoice fervently that it has ended and that it is the last. Naturally a draw is always unsatisfactory, but it never seemed probable that England would be victorious against the strong Australian batting on such a wicket within three days, and sure enough, in great heat, the game, which in Australia would have lasted a full five days, was forced to a spiritless conclusion, and Australia, content with a draw by virtue of her two wins at Lord's and at Leeds to the one victory of England at Birmingham, came out triumphant.

It is easy and true to say that England should have gone into the field on Monday with a fast bowler. Indeed, counting Mr. Carr as experimental, there was no bowler on the English side of the highest class save Barnes, and even he was bowling on a wicket unsuited to him. Other things, too, might be said, and again with truth, but they have been already said elsewhere and everywhere; for cricket like no other game unties the tongues and thoughts of the malignant. Nobody who shared in the discomforts of the vast crowd at the Oval during the last test match—and on no ground is less done to mitigate the hardships of the ordinary spectator than at the Oval—can have failed to be impressed by the hold of cricket on a long-suffering public. No other country could show so tolerant and good-natured a gathering at any contest of equal importance. There was no sign of impatience or ill-will; it sufficed apparently to be admitted, at the price of a shilling, into the same precinct with the twenty-two picked heroes. But the intelligence of such a crowd is inferior to its amiability. The wrong and irrelevant things are applauded—the individual record, the top score, the completion of a thousand runs; you will seek in vain for the synoptic view, and why wonder? It is so often wanting in the players themselves, who forget that the individual is as nothing, the side everything. This is a truism, and because it happens to be true the Australian eleven, a combination of players, will always in

England, even if inferior in skill, have the pull over an English eleven which, with the best wish in the world, can only be an aggregate of players. The difference was very clear to anyone with eyes to see at the Oval this week. It is inevitable. The difficulties are, of course, increased when there are petty quarrels and jealousies between those who are playing and those who ought to be playing or who think they ought to be playing. There have been too many of these quarrels during the last few years, usually among the amateurs, who ought to know better than to cherish on the clean cricket-field sensibilities which would do credit to the members of an Italian orchestra.

It was said, when the Australians first came this year to England, that they fell considerably below the standard of former Australian elevens. This was true at the time of saying, and continues to be true. The mistake of critics lay in forgetting, or rather not truly foreseeing, that English batting and English fast bowling had receded even further from their former level. In other words, Australia has been lucky in finding, when herself weak, English cricket still weaker, and there is no immediate prospect of her recovery. No doubt nervousness in batting played its part—the nervousness, be it remembered, peculiar to the aggregate as opposed to the combination. But the nervousness which leads to bad cricket is almost bad cricket itself. In the near future we are threatened with triangular cricket, when test matches will be so common as to inspire no awe; but even so, at the present rate of actual degeneration, it will be no surprise if England succumbs not only to Australia but to South Africa also. To us all this multiplying and intensifying of serious cricket, already too serious, seems to be a perversion and not a development. There is a charm in cricket; but when cricket assumes a national aspect, that charm evaporates, and once more the true lover of the game is apt to sigh for the village green, for the cricket which is parochial.

A SPRAY OF SOUTHERNWOOD.

By W. H. HUDSON.

IT was hot and fatiguing on the Wiltshire Downs, and when I had got to the highest point of a big hill where a row of noble Scotch firs stood at the roadside I was glad to get off and rest in the shade. Fifty or sixty yards from the spot where I sat on the bank on a soft carpet of dry grass and pine-needles there was a small, old, thatched cottage, the only human habitation in sight except the little village at the foot of the hill, just visible among the trees a mile ahead—an old woman in the cottage had doubtless seen me going by, for she now came out into the road, and, shading her eyes with her hand, peered curiously at me. A bent and lean old woman in a dingy black dress, her face brown and wrinkled, her hair white. With her, watching me too, was a little mite of a boy; and after they had stood there a while he left her and went into the cottage garden, but presently came out into the road again and walked slowly towards me. It was strange to see that child in such a place! He had on a scarlet shirt or blouse, wide lace collar, and black knickerbockers and stockings; but it was his face rather than his clothes that caused me to wonder. Rarely had I seen a more beautiful child, such a delicate rose-coloured skin, and fine features, eyes of such pure intense blue, and such shining golden hair. How came this angelic little being in that poor remote cottage with that bent and wrinkled old woman for a guardian?

He walked past me very slowly, a sprig of southernwood in his hand; then after going by he stopped and turned, and approaching me in a shy manner and without saying a word offered me the little pale green feathery spray. I took it and thanked him and we entered into conversation, when I discovered that his little mind was as bright and beautiful as his little person. He loved the flowers, both garden and wild, but above everything he loved the birds: he watched them to find their nests; there was nothing he liked better than to look at the little spotted eggs in the nest-

He could show me a nest if I wanted to see one, only the little bird was sitting on her eggs. He was six years old, and that cottage was his home—he knew no other; and the old bent woman standing there in the road was his mother. They didn't keep a pig, but they kept a yellow cat, only he was lost now: he had gone away and they didn't know where he was. He went to school now—he walked all the way there by himself and all the way back every day. It was very hard at first, because the other boys laughed at and plagued him. Then they hit him, but he hit them back as hard as he could. After that they hurt him, but they couldn't make him cry. He never cried and always hit them back, and now they were beginning to leave him alone. His father was named Mr. Job, and he worked at the farm, but he couldn't do so much work now because he was such an old man. Sometimes when he came home in the evening he sat in his chair and groaned as if it hurt him. And he had two sisters: one was Susan; she was married and had three big girls; and Jane was married too, but had no children. They lived a great way off. So did his brother. His name was Jim, and he was a great fat man and sometimes came from London, where he lived, to see them. He didn't know much about Jim: he was very silent, but not with mother. Those two would shut themselves up together and talk and talk and talk, but no one knew what they were talking about. He would write to mother too; but she would always hide the letters and say to father, "It's only from Jim; he says he's well—that's all". But they were very long letters, so he must have said more than that.

Thus he prattled, while I, to pay him for the southernwood, drew figures of the birds he knew best on the leaves I tore from my note-book and gave them to him. He thanked me very prettily and put them in his pocket.

"And what is your name?" I asked.

He drew himself up before me and in a clear voice, pronouncing the words in a slow measured manner, as if repeating a lesson, he answered: "Edmund Donisthorpe Jasper Stanhope Overington".

"But why", said I, "do you call yourself Overington when your father's name is Job?"

"Oh, that is because I have two fathers—Mr. Job, my very old father, and Mr. Overington, who lives away from here. He comes to see me sometimes, and he is my father too; but I have only one mother—there she is looking at us."

I questioned him no further, and so we parted; but I never see a plant or sprig of southernwood, nor inhale its cedarwood smell, which one does not know whether to like or dislike, without recalling the memory of that bright cottage child with a queer history and numerous names.

THE DIVINE MOMENT.

IN the dew-fresh fields of Dawn I wander,
Immemorial Immortal Dawn!
Far-off goal of man's most High Adventure
Whence our Dream, and whence our Hope, is drawn.

This the Garden of Celestial Blossom!
They who call me by my mortal name
Seem to me my captors and my gaolers,
In the strongholds of the House of Shame.

They who harshly call and bring me Earthward,
Draw my lips from Springs of Paradise!
Hope and Fear shall bind our lives together,
Love and Hate shall dim our mortal eyes!

In the fragrant far-off fields I wander,
O keep silence! Let the soul be free!
Let the soaring bird unscathed win Heaven!
Aim no arrow of mortality.

ALTHEA GYLES.

THE GODWIT IN NEW ZEALAND.

By JAMES DRUMMOND.

THERE is nothing more interesting than the arrival of the southern godwit in New Zealand, and its departure from that country, year in and year out. This little brown-coated, slender-billed, long-legged, modest bird, impelled by a mysterious instinct and guided by an invisible hand, flies over great stretches of sea and land on its way to New Zealand and back again to its other home in a distant region of the Northern Hemisphere. After passing over a thousand miles of ocean without finding a resting-place for their pinions, godwits arrive in New Zealand in October, November, and December, where they spend most of their time on estuaries, the mouths of rivers, mud-banks, and spacious sand beaches, seeking for molluscs, marine insects, and other food supplies. They reach the northern parts first, and go down the coast line until they have spread out as far as Stewart Island and the Chatham Group. They remain in New Zealand throughout the Antipodean summer, flying about in flocks, clamouring in the search for food, wading in the wavelets, and leading a busy life, which, although it has no apparent object to human beings, is earnest enough to them. As the winter months approach they prepare to go. At the end of April or the beginning of May they start on their migration to the northern lands from which they came.

It seems to be almost past belief that the northern homes of these little migrants should be in Eastern Siberia, in the North Polar Regions in fact, ten thousand miles from their summer residence in the Antipodes. There are many eminent ornithologists, however, who, after careful investigation, have accepted the statement that the southern godwit migrates from Siberia to New Zealand and back again every year. It is believed that the birds breed in Eastern Siberia and other northern lands in June and July, and pass down over country after country until they reach New Zealand. They have not been known to breed in New Zealand, and their eggs have never been found there. Hundreds of them are shot by New Zealand sportsmen every year, but there is no record of a female bird having been found in New Zealand with eggs in her.

In their northern home, godwits have been seen by Dr. von Middendorf in seventy-four degrees north latitude. They appeared there in June and left at the beginning of August. Later in the year he found them further south, on the southern coast of the Sea of Okotsk. They have been seen in Formosa in September, and a few weeks later in the islands of the Malay Archipelago, the Polynesian Islands, Australia, and New Zealand. Dr. R. Bowdler Sharpe, of the British Museum, who examined nearly fifty specimens when he compiled his "Catalogue of Birds", obtained them from the two hemispheres, and described their habitat as extending from Alaska, Kamtschatka, and Eastern Siberia through Japan and China to the Malay Archipelago, and thence to Oceania, Australia, and New Zealand.

The late Captain F. W. Hutton, of New Zealand, and other investigators have pointed out that additional evidence of the extraordinary migration is supplied by the godwit's change of plumage. The godwit is one of those birds that have different plumage in summer and winter. In the Siberian summer, when the breeding-time comes, godwits are in their summer plumage. When they reach New Zealand, although they are there also in the summer, most of them are in their winter plumage. Godwits are sometimes seen in New Zealand in their summer plumage, but it is thought that these individuals have remained behind when the migration from New Zealand took place, or they may have moulted early. I have made inquiries for many years, but I have not been able to find any record of the godwits having bred regularly in any countries between Siberia and New Zealand, and it seems to be reasonable to accept the statement of observant men, trained to weigh evidence, that the birds which visit New Zealand go to Siberia to breed.

One of the godwit's favourite places of departure

from New Zealand is Spirits' Bay, near the North Cape. It is a bleak and lonely spot, from which, according to the ancient traditions of the Maoris, the spirits of the dead departed from this world to the World of Darkness in the regions below.

The migratory instinct is not absolutely constant. Large numbers of godwits remain in New Zealand all the year round, especially in the southern parts of the country. It is presumed that, for some hidden reason, they miss the ordinary time of departure and that, as the instinct does not prompt them to migrate at any other season, they wait until the proper time comes again.

Mr. S. Percy Smith, once Surveyor-General of New Zealand, who spent many years of his life in close touch with Nature before civilisation began to change the face of the country, states that in Kaipara Harbour, on the western coast of the Auckland province, he has seen godwits in countless numbers. The tidal waters in the harbour cover an enormous area. There is a coast line inside the harbour of over 400 miles. At low water many thousand acres of mud-banks and sand-banks are exposed, and in the season godwits assemble there in tens of thousands. In other New Zealand harbours and estuaries, where civilisation is not well represented, they are also seen. They crowd together so closely that sportsmen slaughter them with ease. Mr. Smith has told me that he has killed forty-three birds at one shot, and ninety-seven deaths with two barrels have been recorded. The New Zealand Government gives the godwit partial protection under the Animals Protection Act, which provides for unrestricted shooting in February, March, and April, but protects the bird at all other times of the year. My correspondents, however, state that the law is often ignored, and that godwit shooting takes place whenever a few of these birds are gathered together.

The arrival and departure of the godwits excited curiosity in the old days in New Zealand, and the ancient Maoris brought the birds into their interesting traditions and folk-lore. Mr. B. Keys, who is attached to the Native Land Court in New Zealand, and knows well the Maoris, has sent me a translation of a paper written by a Maori clergyman, the Rev. Wiki te Paa, a member of the Rarawa Tribe, which lives in the northernmost district, where the godwits first arrive on their annual visit, and from which many of them depart on their return journey to the Northern Hemisphere. Wiki te Paa's paper sets forth the theory that it was the godwits that guided the Maori navigators when the great migration to New Zealand from the Polynesian Islands took place, 500 or 600 years ago. The Maoris call their old home "Hawaiki", a place which is without definite location, but which is believed to be Tahiti Island, in the Society Group. The tradition recorded by Wiki te Paa states that when the Maoris lived in "Hawaiki" they inferred from the godwits' regular flight that there was land in the south. Knowing that godwits do not settle on the water like a sea-bird, and that they fly from shore to shore, and seeing them leave the islands and return again, the islanders concluded that in the distant south, far beyond the horizon, there was a country in which the birds spent the summer months. The Maoris therefore started out for a country which, although it may have been unknown, was not a myth, and the adventurers were convinced that if they steered for the south they would reach the land which gave haven to the godwits, and which would also give a haven to them.

Wiki te Paa carries his theory further. He believes that the Maoris used the birds as guides, the canoes following their tracks over the ocean. The Maoris also associated the godwit with the superstition that surrounds Spirits' Bay. They believed that at times the spirits might be heard in the night conversing together as they passed northward, sometimes sighing in grief at having to leave their relatives, and sometimes displaying a more cheerful mood. Educated Maoris suggest that this poetical superstition arose from the godwits' mysterious flights and from their cries and the sound of their wings, heard in the night.

To many people the most interesting feature of the godwits' flight over a large portion of the globe is

the faculty that guides them and the irresistible charm that attracts them to New Zealand. The journey is arduous and perilous. Many of the birds arrive in New Zealand exhausted, and probably many perish on the way. What is the cause of this eagerness? New Zealand offers no special food supplies in the summer; the food they seek is available at all times. It is as good and as abundant in northern latitudes as it is in southern latitudes. Apparently, the best explanation is that the birds inherit a strong instinct, which impels them to follow old land lines, along which their ancestors often travelled. In past ages, probably in the Eocene Period, a ridge of land ran northwards from New Zealand to New Caledonia and New Guinea. In later times it sank into the ocean, and New Zealand was cut off from the mainland. It is believed that the godwits' migrations began when the lands were connected by the sunken ridge, or were separated by only narrow straits of water, no island being quite out of sight. As the ages passed this migratory habit became an instinct. It has been handed down from generation to generation, and the birds of the present time follow the old course, although they must fly over vast stretches of ocean from which no land can be seen.

IN ZACCARATH.

BY LORD DUNSANY.

"COME," said the King in sacred Zaccarath, "and let our prophets prophesy before us."

A far-seen jewel of light was the holy palace, a wonder to the nomads on the plains.

There was the King with all his under-lords, and the lesser kings that did him vassalage, and there were all his queens with all their jewels upon them.

Who shall tell of the splendour in which they sat; of the thousand lights and the answering emeralds; of the dangerous beauty of that hoard of queens or the flash of their laden necks?

There was a necklace there of rose-pink pearls beyond the art of dreamer to imagine. Who shall tell of the amethyst chandeliers where torches, soaked in rare Bhyrinian oils, burned and gave off a scent of blethany? *

Enough to say that when the dawn came up it appeared by contrast pallid and unlovely and stripped all bare of its glory, so that God covered it with rolling clouds.

"Come," said the King, "let our prophets prophesy."

Then the heralds stepped through the ranks of the King's silk-clad warriors who lay oiled and scented upon velvet cloaks, with a pleasant breeze among them caused by the fans of slaves; even their casting-spears were set with jewels; through their ranks the heralds went with mincing steps, and came to the prophets, clad in brown and black, and one of them they brought and set him before the King. And the King looked at him and said "Prophecy unto us".

And the prophet lifted his head, so that his beard came clear from his brown cloak, and the fans of the slaves that fanned the warriors wafted the tip of it a little awry. And he spake to the King and spake thus:

"Woe unto thee, King, and woe unto Zaccarath. Woe unto thee and woe unto thy women; for your fall shall be sore and soon. Already in Heaven the gods shun thy god: They know his doom and what is written of him: he sees oblivion before him like a mist. Thou hast aroused the hate of the mountaineers. They hate thee all along the crags of Droom. The evilness of thy days shall bring down the Zeedians on thee as the

* The herb marvellous, which growing near the summit of Mount Zaumnos scents all the Zaumnian range and is smelt far out on the Kepuscran plains, and even, when the wind is from the mountains, in the streets of the city of Ognoth. At night it closes its petals and is heard to breathe, and its breath is a swift poison. This it does even by day if the snows are disturbed about it. No plant of this has ever been captured alive by a hunter.

suns of springtide bring the avalanche down. They shall do unto Zaccarath as the avalanche doth unto the hamlets of the valley." When the queens chattered or tittered among themselves, he merely raised his voice and still spake on: "Woe to these walls and the carven things upon them. The hunter shall know the camping-places of the nomads by the marks of the camp-fires on the plain, but he shall not know the place of Zaccarath."

A few of the recumbent warriors turned their heads to glance at the prophet when he ceased. Far overhead the echoes of his voice hummed on awhile among the cedarn rafters.

"Is he not splendid?" said the King. And many of that assembly beat with their palms upon the polished floor in token of applause. Then the prophet was conducted back to his place at the far end of that mighty hall; and for a while musicians played on marvellous curved horns, while drums throbbed behind them hidden in a recess. The musicians were seated cross-legged on the floor all blowing their huge horns in the brilliant torchlight, but as the drums throbbed louder in the dark they arose and moved slowly nearer to the King. Louder and louder drummed the drums in the dark, and nearer and nearer moved the men with the horns, so that their music should not be drowned by the drums before it reached the King.

A marvellous scene it was when the tempestuous horns were halted before the King, and the drums in the dark were like the thunder of God, and the queens were nodding their heads in time to the music, with their diadems flashing like heavens of falling stars, and the warriors lifted their heads and shook, as they lifted them, the plumes of those golden birds which hunters wait for by the Liddian lakes, in a whole lifetime killing scarcely six, to make the crests that the warriors wore when they feasted in Zaccarath. Then the King shouted and the warriors sang—almost they remembered then old battle-chaunts. And, as they sang, the sound of the drums dwindled and the musicians walked away backwards, and the drumming became fainter and fainter as they walked, and altogether ceased, and they blew no more on their fantastic horns. Then the assemblage beat on the floor with their palms. And afterwards the queens besought the King to send for another prophet. And the heralds brought a singer and placed him before the King; and the singer was a young man with a harp. And he swept the strings of it, and when there was silence he sang of the iniquity of the King. And he foretold the onrush of the Zeedians and the fall and the forgetting of Zaccarath and the coming again of the desert to its own and the playing about of little lion cubs where the courts of the palace had stood.

"Of what is he singing?" said a queen to a queen.

"He is singing of everlasting Zaccarath."

As the singer ceased the assemblage beat listlessly on the floor, and the King nodded to him and he departed.

When all the prophets had prophesied to them and all the singers sung, that royal company arose and went to other chambers, leaving the hall of festival to the pale and lonely dawn. And alone were left the lion-headed gods that were carven out of the walls; silent they stood and their rocky arms were folded. And shadows over their faces moved like curious thoughts as the torches flickered and the dull dawn crossed the fields. And the colours began to change in the chandeliers.

Never was greater splendour or a more famous hall. When the queens went away through the curtained door with all their diadems it was as though the stars should arise in their stations and troop together to the West at sunrise.

And only the other day I found a stone that had undoubtedly been a part of Zaccarath; it was three inches long and an inch broad; I saw the edge of it uncovered by the sand. I believe that only three other pieces have been found like it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"UNIFIKASIE"—AND AFTER.

II.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Nylstroom, Transvaal, 7 July 1909.

SIR,—It is safe to say that this union is regarded by the farmers of British blood and of British birth with general distrust and fear; something of the feeling with which a man consents to a necessary operation which will perhaps cost him his life. Having done their best in a war which cost them the fruits of past labour, they were for the most part too manly really to grudge the Boer the strange new doctrine of "The spoils of the vanquished" which crippled their future: they know the Boer too well to cherish any Liberal illusions as to the dreams of his leaders; but having no means to start life yet once again elsewhere, Dutch or double-Dutch, this country is all they have; and if England chooses to abandon it to gratify the sentimental self-esteem or further the party moves of a group of half-informed Liberal politicians, they must swim with the tide and make the best of the pass to which misplaced and unrecognised loyalty has brought them.

As to the ultimate dreams of the Boer leaders and would-be leaders, the generals and the young hot-bloods for whom the generals are all too discreet and cautious, and above all the Predikants, who in the last resort pull the hidden strings of policy, he may cherish illusions who will, while others remember that "a fool is wise in his own conceit". Liberal politicians who have met the select Boer over a banquet, and Yeomanry officers who feasted them as fellow-soldiers at mess, may cling to their twopence-coloured ideal of a chivalrous simple-minded farmer-soldier, proud to be entrusted with a share in the destinies of a great Empire. Those who have lived amongst them in the veld realise that contempt and distrust of all things British have been bred into these people for three generations and more, in the home, at school, and in church; and that these feelings, intensified by the war, have not been eradicated by a policy of "gush and give way" which they are none the more prone to admire for being too simple-manly to be able to fathom it.

Mr. Kipling presents somewhere an Indian as saying that "Allah created the English mad, the maddest of all mankind"; and, indeed, this South African business will read to future ages like the dream of a frenzied pantomime-writer.

Ten years ago the conspiracy was just ripe, conspiracy between the leaders of the petty Boer States and traitors in Cape Colony for the overthrow of British power in South Africa and the establishment of a great Boer republic. Throughout the Boer States the mass of the people were red-hot for war; in Cape Colony active treason was so general that mere disaffection counted almost for righteousness: even the Cabinet, technically the advisers of her Majesty's deputy, gave more than passive assistance to the leaders of the conspiracy in the completion of their preparations.

Seven years ago, having raised and trained the needful army on the field itself, England and her colonies broke the last of the confederate forces and established undisputed supremacy, annexing the petty States where the conspiracy had been bred.

Seven years ago British power was a solid reality throughout South Africa, the development of the country along the normal lines of British colonisation fairly begun. He would have been accounted a fool indeed who had then prophesied a return of Boer supremacy and Boer traditions within seven years. All that was wanted to settle the country for ever on the lines of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, was ten years of careful and resolute government, with suppression of all show of disaffection. The Boer is accustomed to do what he is told: as Paul Kruger knew, the crack of the whip is what he respects; magnanimity, conciliation and apology he does not understand or admire.

But the rot set quickly in. Rebels taken in arms were not shot, merely disfranchised for just so long as there should be no election. A Boer general who had flogged and shot a peace envoy in cold blood was the hero of the hour in England: such of the conspirators as had not died in the war were allowed to return and form a nucleus for disaffection to rally on: the "Terms of Surrender" bloomed into the "Treaty of Vereeniging": an apology for martial law was printed in the Statute Book of one of the annexed States: an attempted rising was hushed up as a disturbance of the peace: an organised plan to thwart the educational system was bought off by compromise: the local press was allowed to preach treason and stir up dissension, unpunished by the Statute provided for the purpose: hardly anywhere in the two new colonies could the British flag fly or the National Anthem be sung safe from insult. In which circumstances, whether from honest conviction of crazy and ignorant ideologues or to suit the party ends of political gamblers, it was announced that his Majesty's Government felt the time ripe to hand over the government of the two new colonies to the men who five years before had been trying their utmost once more to raise rebellion in Cape Colony for the extermination of British influence in South Africa.

Two years later, struck by the success of the new Governments in their determination to uproot all the British influence and ideals so carefully implanted by Lord Milner, his Majesty's advisers consider the time ripe for extending over the hitherto British colonies of Natal, the Cape and Rhodesia the sway of these suborners of rebellion, killers of peace envoys, intriguers only ten years back for the substitution of Boer for British power throughout the sub-continent.

Ten years; not time enough for the African leopard to change his spots, had he, indeed, given any real earnest of his desire to do so; not time enough to have eradicated from the Boer the contempt, envy, and dislike of the English and all their ways and ideals bred into his very bone for fifty years past. One must suppose that no one will believe till he has bought his experience by residence among them that by Boer standards, to swindle—under the less crude guise of "verneuk"—is no disgrace, but a laudable accomplishment; to be "slim", or in plain English dishonest, is a virtue; to call a man a liar, rather a compliment which only a fool of an Englishman would resent as an insult.

Ten years since their incapacity for decent government was England's opportunity to put the country in order: and now with proof of their insidious intent added to their incapacity, the whole sub-continent is given them to mould as they will into the Boer Republic for which they played and lost ten years ago.

From London it may look like a triumph of magnanimous statesmanship: to the whilom Englishman in the veld, heart-sick at the steady change for the worse which has crept over all matters of public polity since Milner went, it seems like an abnegation on the part of England of all capacity for Empire.

How long it will be before Boer South Africa's independence of Britain becomes nominal as well as actual remains to be seen; it depends mainly on the native question. All things tend to a consolidation of the tribes into an overwhelming whole; from the prohibition of liquor on the mines and the consequent cessation of the inter-tribal faction fights to which the liquor led, to this very matter of unification, which has brought about for its consideration the first undreamed-of council of delegates from all the hitherto jealous and divided native races.

Who can doubt, with a seven years' record of "gush and give way", that if complete control of the natives is demanded by United South Africa, our "Government" will "gush and give way" once again?

Who can doubt that if it is granted, the time draws near for a general rising of allied tribes against Boer misrule? And should it come before Boer South Africa's Fourth of July, who doubts that once again, provided India keeps quiet and he has no European Power on his back, John Bull will pacify South Africa if it costs his last penny? Who doubts, finally, that

his reward will be once again sneering criticism of his officers and men, and thankless permission to go home and leave the settlement to his betters?

Should the Fourth of July come before the natives are ready, perhaps after Africa is swept clean to Simons-town, John Bull may be wise at last in his generation and prefer to stand back and let his Continental neighbour try his prentice hand on the resettlement.

Yours faithfully,
C. R. FRANCE.

BY GRACE OF THE AMERICAN COUSIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Plombières (Vosges), 2 August 1909.

SIR,—We are so accustomed to errors on the part of the British press (unfortunately both countries are equally culpable in this respect) that generally little attention ought to be given to these faults. But I am tempted to say a word in reply to an article upon the proposed income-tax law, now before the Congress of the United States, which appeared in the number of 24 July, in which you say, in speaking of my country: "They had an income tax before, but found that the national sense of truth made it nearly unproductive. . . . Is it not curious that the people who produced George Washington should be so free from truth as to make an income tax uncollectable among them?" Yes, we had an income tax. It was passed during the struggle of the North to maintain the integrity of the Union. This tax yielded sums large enough to enable the Government to put down the rebellion—a war which would have exhausted most countries. This income-tax law was afterwards repealed. During the administration of President Cleveland Congress imposed a new income-tax law which was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court on the ground that the tax was direct and should have been apportioned among the various States. On account of this decision, in the present Bill there is a clause submitting to the States an amendment to the Constitution to legalise the income tax. As the Government has present need of revenue, the Bill also contains a provision for a tax of one per cent. upon the income of corporations.

The newspapers of the two countries should use every endeavour to maintain cordiality between its citizens. If the time should ever arrive when the enemies of Great Britain shall feel themselves strong enough to attack her, you may be certain that the American people will have a hand in that fight. We have no great love for the mother country. We have not forgotten that during our War of Secession our flag was driven almost entirely from the seas by the "Alabama", fitted out in Liverpool and paid for by two hundred and ninety merchants of that city. But we shall take a hand against the enemies of England not from any sentimental ideas but for the commonplace and material reason that we shall not permit our commerce with Great Britain to be hurt, and because such a war will be against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth made up of all civilised nations.

ALBERT LAPSLEY WILSON.

[Our correspondent appears never to have heard of the American "Revenue Collection Bill", enabling the tax-gatherer "to use force if necessary". When the American income tax was first levied, in 1862-3, instructions were issued that the returns should not be open to inspection, but owing to "various evasions" the order had to be reversed almost immediately. Two years later, in 1865, after several revisions, the tax was put on its final basis, with incomes up to 600 dollars free, five per cent. up to 5000 dollars, and ten per cent. on all incomes over that. In 1866 the scheme was in full working order, or at least as near it as American veracity could reach—it was already some time since the disappearance of Washington. In 1866 the American income tax produced 72,982,159 dollars; not a bad start, and with the young nation then growing rapidly, especially in dollars, the statesmen would naturally look forward

to a fine and increasing purse. In the next seven years America grew enormously, always in dollars; but at the end of that period, in 1873, the revenue from the income tax had "gradually fallen" from nearly 73,000,000 dollars to a trifle over 5,000,000, a fall to about one-fourteenth in the seven years. For every £1 that they could collect in 1866 they could collect only about 1s. 5d. in 1873. Such a rapid fall in revenue from incomes rising so rapidly could hardly be due to Washingtonian ways, and so we get the New York correspondents of the London papers telling about "the difficulties of collection when America had an income tax"; but, apart from the newspapers, our American correspondent will find the details of the above facts at page 602 of "The New Encyclopædia of Social Reform". At page 121 of Woodburn's "American Political History" he will find this too: "The Constitution plainly gave Congress the power to levy and collect taxes; but it was certain that the power would be difficult and dangerous". This had not to do with any tax in particular, but it is all the more illuminating of American ways in tax-gathering.—Ed. S. R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Duquesne Club, Pittsburg, 4 August 1909.

SIR,—In your editorial of 24 July you say: "Speaking of an income tax . . . the Americans cannot get all the taxes they want. . . . They had an income tax before, but found that the national sense of truth made it nearly unproductive. . . . Is it not curious that the people who produced George Washington should be so free from truth as to make an income tax uncollectible among them?"

As you well know, or ought to know, "the income tax before" was declared by the Supreme Court of the United States to be unconstitutional. Hence its failure. It was not a question whether productive or not. You therefore state as a fact what is not a fact. This you do wittingly or ignorantly. In any case, you evidently lie, under a mistake if we view your words charitably. Be good enough to boil the bile out of your brains, and tell of facts not fictions.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM SEYMOUR EDWARDS.

[We commend this specimen of American good taste to British admirers.—Ed. S. R.]

SMALL GUNS FOR SHIPS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Like that of the scorpion, the tail of your leading article on the Navy is the "business end". You very truly say that the introduction of six-inch guns into our future Dreadnoughts is a clear confession that a grave error of policy was made in the original "Dreadnought", "and it is a matter of the highest importance to ascertain by how much our position has been imperilled".

But even your article, admirable as it is throughout, does not convey to the general reader the true significance of the "grave error". For years past in communications to the Government departments concerned, the press and otherwise, I have urged the important point that nothing bigger than a six-inch gun is necessary for the sinking or disablement of war vessels of all kinds. Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts are included. The authors of those vessels are not likely to take kindly to such a statement, as they would thereby stultify themselves; but the amour propre of individuals and "vested interests" should not be allowed to continue to block the road in matters of national defence.

On the advent to power of the present Government I specifically directed the attention of a highly placed member of the Government to the "grave error", and I have continued the warnings to members of the Cabinet. I have shown that the experiences of the battle of Tsushima proved that the penetration of

armour is quite unnecessary for ship-sinking and ship-disabling purposes; that consequently monster guns, with their necessarily complicated, heavy and easily disabled machinery, are obsolete—seeing that a high-explosive projectile as used by the Japanese, fired from a man-handled six-inch gun, by acting against the submerged unprotected parts of armoured ships, can effect the required damage.

The logical conclusion from this is that if the six-inch gun can pump what Admiral Rozhdestvensky called "a kind of aerial torpedo, which led to the sinking of the Russian fleet", into an enemy, why should ships carry automobile torpedoes and their attendant complicated gear? Extending this reasoning, why the submarine? which has proved its dangerous proclivities to its users under peace conditions and seems scarcely likely to justify its existence in those of war.

The legitimate weapon of a warship, the small gun, sustained its reputation at close quarters in the Russo-Japanese War, wherein long-range firing was ineffective. The automobile torpedo made a poor show. These are indisputable facts upon which our legislators and others might advantageously ponder, as they directly affect this (to use your own words) "great question of imperial safety, beside which all others pale into insignificance".

Your obedient servant,
C. E. KELWAY.

FRANCIA'S MASTERPIECE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springbank, Hamilton N.B. 8 August 1909.

SIR,—For many years the SATURDAY REVIEW has aided me in the study of art, if I may use so serious an expression for any little attention I have given to that subject. The "first aid" I remember having received many years ago was through my attention being drawn to the supreme excellence of the reproduction of Botticelli's famous picture "Primavera" by the Arundel Society. Since then, from week to week, I have never failed to read what was said in your columns on the subject of art. Yesterday I turned at once to the article headed "Religious Art and the Critics", but I read it with a feeling of disappointment. There is much said in it about a certain development of Catholic doctrine, which Francia's work is said to deal with; but it seems to me that the suggestion of such doctrines in a special degree is beyond the province of art. Even Raibolini's treatment of it so praised by Mr. Carmichael has left the subject of his painting so much in doubt that it has been described as a Coronation, an Assumption, or a Reception of the Virgin into heaven. Surely the indication of the Immaculate Conception in a picture, even a religious one, is to confound art with theology. M. Wyczewa, the art critic of the "Revue des deux Mondes", deals, I think, with religious art more wisely when he describes Botticelli's "Nativity", which we have the great good fortune to possess in the National Gallery, as not only a masterpiece, but as the most religious picture in all Italian art. There could never be any doubt as to the subject of that picture, and besides it suggests a beautiful religious lesson.

I have not seen even a reproduction of Francia's picture, but I humbly venture to ask Mr. Carmichael if he places it higher than that artist's beautiful "Adoration of the Infant Jesus" at Bologna, a fine group of saints with the Virgin, surrounding in simple devotion the Holy Child. This is another religious picture which needs no explanation.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES BELL.

[Would it not be well to see the picture before criticising Mr. Carmichael and to read the book before criticising our review?—Ed. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY.

"The Story of the Household Cavalry." By Captain Sir George Arthur Bart., late 2nd Life Guards. In 2 vols. London: Constable. 1909. 73s. 6d.

AS a record of soldierly service in peace and war extending over two centuries and a half the story of the Household Cavalry was well worth telling. Himself an old Lifeguardsman, Sir George Arthur is in many respects well equipped for the task. He has made judicious use of varied sources of information, some of it hitherto hidden amongst private papers. He has received valuable assistance from brother officers in recounting the campaigns in which he has himself taken part. His descriptions of battles have had the benefit of expert military criticism.

The outcome should have been a very good book, and up to a certain point Sir George Arthur has achieved a success. That he is master of his subject is evident, but this merit cannot avail to excuse faults of style which are equally patent. Sir George Arthur has made the mistake of affecting a literary brilliancy which is not at his command. His constant attempts at epigrammatic and graphic writing completely break down in the result. He has not the smallest gift either for epigram or for vivid description, and he would have been better advised had he avoided a laboured jocularity of tone and a recourse to the feeblest tricks of alliteration.

Wherever, eschewing these vagaries of style, Sir George Arthur is content to adopt a quiet straightforward manner of narration, his performance is far more satisfactory. The material which he has accumulated possesses an interest that is political and social as well as military, and in these pages many sidelights are thrown on the general history of the country.

The Household Cavalry was formed on a French model. The Life Guards whom Charles II. brought to England at the Restoration were soon disbanded, to be at once reconstituted on 26 January 1661. Of English Life Guards there were three troops, while a Scots troop had its headquarters at Edinburgh, the average strength being two hundred "private gentlemen" per troop. The officers enjoyed a rank in the Army much above their nominal rank in the corps, and many who held commissions in other regiments were glad to join the King's Life Guards as "private gentlemen".

To each troop there was shortly afterwards attached a number of Horse Grenadiers, whose tactics were those of mounted infantry and whose distinctive weapon was the hand-grenade—curiously enough reintroduced by the Japanese in the late war. William of Orange collected the Horse Grenadiers together into a single unit.

A fourth troop of Life Guards, intended to consist exclusively of Roman Catholics, was established by James II. Disbanded by William, it was replaced by a Dutch fourth troop until an Act of Parliament prohibited the presence of alien soldiery in England. Anne brought the Scots Life Guards south to form a new fourth troop, the Scots Horse Grenadiers also joining the English. George II. suppressed the third and fourth troops, and in 1788 the two surviving ones absorbed the Horse Grenadiers and were reconstituted as the First and Second Regiments of Life Guards.

The Royal Regiment of Horse Guards (Blue), originally the Earl of Oxford's Royal Regiment of Horse, was within living memory still familiarly known as the Oxford Blues. Its precursor, Unton Crook's Regiment of Horse, was taken into Charles II.'s service under Royalist officers. Like the Life Guards it was disbanded but quickly re-established. The Blues still cherish the memory of their first colonel, Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford, who devoted forty years of his life to perfecting the efficiency of his regiment.

The Blues were not formally included in the Household Cavalry until after Waterloo. They stood in much the same relation to the Life Guards as the Gendarmierie

de France did to the Maison du Roi, sharing many of their duties, particularly as mounted police. The Blues were temporarily brigaded with the Life Guards in the Peninsula in 1809. In 1814 the Prince Regent ordered their permanent inclusion in the Household Cavalry Brigade. Not till 1820 did their colonel acquire the right to take his share of the duty of Gold Stick with the colonels of the Life Guards.

The Household Cavalry, though restricted during long periods to home service, has gathered laurels on many foreign fields. The earliest successes of the Life Guards were won under Monmouth at Maastricht and under Marlborough at Walcourt. During the seven years' campaign in Flanders against France, from 1691 to 1697, they gained a reputation as "the finest body of horse in Europe", particularly by their rearguard actions at Leuse and Steenkirk, and still more by their victorious charge at Landen, where, headed by their King, they tackled and defeated the Maison du Roi itself.

The turn of "the Blew Guards" came in the middle of the next century. In company with the Life Guards they fought at Dettingen in 1743 and at Fontenoy in '45. Sir George Arthur devotes a whole chapter, one of the best in the book, to a detailed refutation of the slanderous charge brought against the Blues of misconduct at Dettingen. During the Seven Years' War from '56 to '63 the Blues took a creditable part in a series of arduous operations in Germany. Baulked by Sackville's treachery of their rightful share in the victory of Minden, they did themselves full justice under the immortal Granby at Warburg, besides putting in some good work at Wilhelmstahl. The end of the century saw the Blues winning fresh fame by their brilliant services at Villers-en-Cauchies, Bethencourt (otherwise Cateau) and Willems.

From this time onward Life Guards and Blues never fought apart. Denied by the mountainous character of the country any very prominent share in Wellington's Peninsula victories, they showed their great leader at Waterloo—somewhat to his astonishment—the stuff of which they were made, and his greeting, "Thank you, Life Guards", set his seal on the merit of their exploit.

Sixty-seven years were to elapse before the Household Cavalry again saw active service. That they saw it even then was in no small degree due to the raising, in the early 'seventies—conspicuously by the SATURDAY REVIEW—of the question whether it were worth while to maintain these costly regiments for ornament, not for use. The sequel of the controversy was that, at their own earnest entreaty, the Household Cavalry were in 1882 represented in the army that fought at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. The experiment was successful enough to be repeated when the Nile expedition was sent to Khartum, and this twofold precedent was followed in South Africa.

The author's description of these three campaigns, though carefully done, exhibits occasionally a tendency to exaggerate. Thus on page 677 he writes: "The Household Cavalry had to pay another heavy toll in casualties". The first "heavy toll" had been one man killed and three wounded severely, besides eight others slightly. The second "heavy toll" was three killed and eight wounded. We are sure that no German soldier, and it is difficult to understand that an English soldier, could allow himself to write so.

We have another complaint to make. Surely no book descriptive of warlike operations was ever so starved in respect of maps and plans. At least if it were impossible to give good battle-plans, there was no need to offer such utterly bad ones as are several of those to be found here—Landen, for instance, which is incorrect as to the line occupied by the Allies, and Fontenoy, which, apart from its smudginess, is barely recognisable and wholly useless.

With whatever blemishes of execution, Sir George Arthur in compiling these stirring annals of a famous corps has rendered an important service. General Broadwood, as a part of whose command they served in South Africa, excused himself for "giving the Household Cavalry rather more than their fair share of work" on

TURGENEFF'S GERMAN LETTERS.

TO LUDWIG PIETSCH.

1879—1881.

78.

50 Rue de Douai, Paris,

Thursday, 9 January '79.

Dear Pietsch,—Now everything is at a standstill, and I must speak seriously. News has come from Weimar that if Louise's opera does not arrive in the next few days it will be impossible to produce it on the Grand Duchess' name-day, 8 March. The MS. with the translated text must come to Paris before it is sent to Weimar. Louise must fit the German version to her music, and perhaps alter and re-copy a good deal, and there is so far no sign of the MS.* Dohm has not even announced its receipt or sent a single line in answer to three urgent letters from Mme. Viardot. That is the utmost limit of (what shall I say?) unceremonious behaviour. That means that poor Louise, who truly does not need this blow to put a final touch to her bad luck, will lose her only chance of being performed. I beseech you by our ancient friendship to show this letter to Dohm and make him read it, and if nothing comes of it I shall know what to think of German punctuality, German friendship, etc., etc.

Further words are unnecessary. Best wishes.

Yours ever, I. TURGEN.

79.

50 Rue de Douai, Paris,

Tuesday, 14 January '79.

My dear Pietsch,—You quite misunderstood my letter. None of the severe expressions in it was intended for you. You have been as innocent as a lamb throughout the whole business. They were meant for Dohm, to whom you were to show the letter. If you look at the matter impartially, I hope you will admit that he has acted in a quite unaccountable manner. It would have been so easy for him to send a refusal and return the MS. As it is, in spite of all the goodwill of the Grand Duke, of Lassen, and of the management of the theatre, probably the whole affair will fall through, and Louise, in Bismarck's choice German (vide Busch), will take a knock, from which the poor thing will never recover. That's enough! Sapienti sat. You cannot doubt my friendship any more than I can doubt yours.

Yours, TURGENJEW.

80.

50 Rue de Douai, Paris,

Sunday, 8 October '79.

Here, my good friend, is the detailed explanation:

1. Yelitski is a S. Petersburg official, who understands nothing about rustic life and modes of expression, etc., and yet persists in trying to manage the property.
2. All the arable land, by very ancient custom extending down to the present day, is divided into three parts: the first is sown with rye, and the second with wheat and oats, while the third is left to lie fallow. There is a rotation every year. This is a primitive form of agriculture, but it is still employed,

and is known as the three-field method. To this land must be added woodland and hayfields,* and finally the so-called unserviceable land, that is to say pleasure-grounds, bad or good, and, in particular, the site of the farm buildings. Each of the three parts above mentioned is called in Russian "clin", and when one wants to know how many desyatinas (a desyatina is rather more than an acre) a farm contains, one asks how many there are in the clin. If the reply is, for instance, that there are a hundred, one knows that the whole property contains some 400, some 300 in the three clins and about 100 (the usual proportion) divided among woodland, hayfields, and unserviceable land. Moreover till lately estates were divided into many separate portions, and only the high-class properties were compact and in a ring fence, translated in the French, "d'une seule semence". Yelitski naturally does not understand that they have translated "clin" by "sole". So when Kyov answers "275 desyatinas sur chaque sole", he means a total of more than 800. Yelitski does not understand that either, and is later on surprised at the large acreage. So when he afterwards speaks of the fallow land, Kyov thinks he wants to know how much unserviceable land there is and gives an approximate answer, because according to the old patriarchal custom it was not measured, but regarded as merely appendant to so much arable land.†

I think my exposition of the matter is quite as detailed as the famous discussion about the water at Cologne (do you remember?), so Heaven be with you.

Yours, IW. TURG.

81.

Les Frênes Chalet, Bougival, Seine-et-Oise,

Wednesday, 12 November '79.

Many thanks, my very dear Pietsch, for your warm letter of congratulation. Mme. Viardot rightly calls you "le vieux fidèle". I am glad you are well "en gros". I have also nothing much to complain of. Unfortunately all the Viardots are either ill or convalescent. Old Viardot himself alone stands erect, firm and unshaken like a granite peak, in spite of his eighty years. When we go out walking together people think I am his father.

I have been bombarded for some time past with letters from some journalistic individuals, who want something new out of me. I have nothing either new or old. Heaven be thanked and praised, I shall write nothing more. I have written to the editor of the "Berliner Tageblatt" that he can apply to you for the translation of "The Bread of Others", but (1) I feel very doubtful whether you have finished the translation, (2) I am still more doubtful whether a dramatic thing like that is suitable for a feuilleton. Of course I give you the fullest authority to do whatever you like with it. If the person in question wants to print it in book form as well, so much the better for you.

I am sorry for poor Kathi.‡ Give her my kind regards, if you see her, and remember me also to our other friends.

I shall go to Russia in December, via Berlin of course, and shall see you there. Meanwhile my best wishes of every sort.

Yours as ever, I. T.

P.S.—Great Heavens! I had nearly forgotten the political matter. You want my opinion upon the relations between Germany and Russia? Well, I think that before five years are over we shall have a war of annihilation between the two nations, and Germany will begin. But as I know with absolute certainty that I shall die in 1881 (probably in October), it is all a matter of pomade or caviar ad libitum as far as I am concerned.

* Read Heu for neu in the text, "Wieeen wo neu gemacht wird".—TRANSLATOR.

† This is an explanation of a passage in the play "The Bread of Others".—L. P.

‡ Her husband, Eckert, the conductor, had just died suddenly.—L. P.

* The text must be corrupt here. This appears to be the sense.—TRANSLATOR.

82.

Les Frères, Bougival,

Thursday, 11 November '80.

My dear Friend,—Many thanks for your letter. Of all my friends outside France only you and a Russian girl, a sturdy little Nihilist, have sent me congratulations. Thank you again. All the Viardots have been in Paris since last Monday. I am all alone here. I will see if solitude can force me to do some work; probably not.

I am satisfied with my health. I have actually been able to take riding exercise, a thing I have not done for twenty years. Didie and her husband (such a pretty pair!) were in front all the time, of course; I followed behind on a big, solid horse. Didie asserts that I look like a retired general from Wurtemberg. All the family are well; Didie's children are perfect little cherubs. Mme. Viardot has been composing many fine things. Paul is on a concert tour in Spain, and most successful. Marianne is more fascinating than ever, but has not taken a husband yet.

I am grieved about poor Richter* and his wife. Give my kind regards to all our old friends, beginning with Kathi—I feel the greatest sympathy for the admirable creature, although she has perhaps good reason to doubt it.

Life is just what it is—sweet for the young and those who remain young, bitter for the old and for those who were born old. It is caviar to me, since, as you perhaps know, I shall die without fail at the beginning of October 1881—that is an absolute certainty.

Kindest regards to your family and yourself.

Are you shaking off your rheumatism? Just think of Pietschius grandiflorus, the Apollo on the Spree, with rheumatism. All good wishes.

Your old friend,

I. TURGENJEW.

83.

50 Rue de Douai,

Sunday, 21 November '80.

My dear Friend,—When I sent you an answer by telegram, to save time, authorising you to translate my essay on Pushkin I was silently wondering whether Pietsch had now added Russian to his accomplishments. There is no French essay of mine on Pushkin. Last May, in Moscow, at the unveiling of his statue, I delivered a fairly long address in Russian, but I never heard of a French translation of it. It was published in the following July in the S. Petersburg "European Courier". What? Can my old friend and patron imagine that I ever wrote a line in any other language than Russian? Can you inflict such an insult as that on me? A fellow who calls himself a writer and writes in any other language than his own mother tongue is, in my opinion, a scamp and a wretched brainless hog. Besides, this speech is only interesting to Russians; to foreigners it is mere caviar.

So let us leave this essay in peace and obscurity.

I am now in Paris again, and shall go to S. Petersburg at the end of this year. Of course I shall see you in Berlin. Meanwhile, my very best wishes.

Yours,

I. T.

84.

50 Rue de Douai, Paris,

23 January '81.

My dear Pietsch,—I want you to do this for me: Go to Frau Eckert, and first of all give her my kindest regards. Then ask her if the scenario of a grand opera in five acts, called "Mirowitsch", has been found among her husband's papers. This fully completed scenario, written in German, is my composition, and

* The celebrated Berlin painter.

Eckert translated it (I don't know whether scenario is masculine or neuter) in my presence, from the French. At that time he was still thinking of the possibility of composing an opera. Unfortunately his plan never came to fulfilment, and now the thing has no value for Frau Eckert. Perhaps she would be so kind as to hand the bit of paper to you, and you could then send it here to me. I would be very grateful to you, for perhaps something can still be made of it. A friend of mine, a young French composer, is looking for a text, and perhaps he might find "Mirowitsch" suitable. In any case, please inquire about it. I am only just recovering from a violent attack of gout. I have been in bed for three weeks, and still feel weak in the legs. This illness has delayed my journey to S. Petersburg, but I hope to pass through Berlin in six weeks' time and see you, Frau Eckert, and all my other friends.

Everyone here is well. They send their kindest regards, and I remain, with hearty good wishes,

Your old (very old) friend,

I. W. TURGENJEW.

85.

Villa Les Frères, Bougival,

Monday, 31 October '81.

My dear Pietsch,—I am sending to-day to Dernburg of the "National Zeitung" the corrected French proofs of my fantastic story,* and am asking him to hand the German proofs over to you for correction. It would be much better still if you would undertake the translation. The thing is very short, and of course the "National Zeitung" would have to pay you. There is no need to trouble about my own fee. Herr Dernburg will give me something or nothing, according to the amount which he has paid you. I shall stay here for a few weeks more and then go to Paris. The Viardots will move there earlier. I will see if I can do any work in my solitude.

Remember me to your family and our friends. Heartiest good wishes,

Yours,

I. W. TURGENJEW.

86.

Bougival,

Thursday, 10 November '81.

My dear Friend,—I have just received your letter, and want to thank you for all your hearty good wishes. I am now all alone here, as the Viardots have returned to Paris, and I will see whether I can still do some work. I am sorry that it is not you who are translating that Italian legend, though the thing is insignificant enough. But I promise you, if I ever finish the larger thing, no one but you shall translate it.

I sent Tolstoi's novel† to Julian Schmidt a month ago, but do not know whether he has received it or read it. Perhaps he didn't care about it? At any rate ask him about it, and, if possible, read it yourself. My own opinion of it is unchanged: it is the noblest epic of modern times. The translation is unfortunately rather weak and dull, a very feminine, amateurish piece of work.

I have received a telegram of congratulation from German and Russian artists, and I think I recognise your hand in it. But, to turn from your hand to your handwriting, its illegibility is something quite superb. What, for instance, in Heaven's name, does the following scrawl portend? I have copied it with meticulous accuracy. Apparently it is the name of the street in Brussels where your daughter is living. Send me the solution of the hieroglyphic, for it is quite possible that I shall go to Holland for a week this year, and of course I shall go to Brussels and see your charming Marie.

Kind regards to your family and our friends. With all good wishes,

Yours,

I. TURGENJEW.

* "Le chant de l'amour triomphant."—L. P.

† "War and Peace."—L. P.

the ground that "they always did well anything he asked them to do, and never raised any difficulties". Sir George Arthur exhibits this uncomplaining devotion to duty as, in fact, their inherited tradition, and thereby provides his old comrades in arms with an additional incentive to maintain in the future the reputation they have so well upheld in the past.

THE DECORATION OF HOUSES.

"The Decoration and Furniture of English Mansions during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries."

By Francis Lenygon. London: Laurie. 1909. 31s. 6d.

PEOPLE accustomed to rush and hurry, bitten by the craze for perpetual motion, which leaves no leisure for the contemplation of anything except motors and flying machines, are not so likely to find enjoyment in decorating their homes as those who dream away their lives in peaceful surroundings, and, if a knowledge of the art of decoration and correct use of ornament is becoming every day more general, it is chiefly because the camera has annihilated distance and brought the work of great artists within sight of everybody.

Mr. Lenygon has made free use of photographs to illustrate the growth of decorative art during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and though it may be permissible to withhold admiration from a few of the objects chosen for representation, the plates must be highly commended for the accuracy with which they portray the detail of the examples selected. After some preliminary remarks on the Early English Renaissance, Mr. Lenygon introduces Inigo Jones, then passes on rapidly to Wren and Grinling Gibbons, and on leaving those worthies turns to William Kent, painter, sculptor, and architect, a man by whom he appears to be particularly attracted. The names of Kent and Burlington are very closely associated, otherwise this attention to the landscape gardener might suggest an attempt to start a cult for the doughty champion of Nature who utilised his talents to ruin the old-fashioned pleasaunce; however, the apology for Kent gives decided character to the book, and it is refreshing to find anyone taking up the cudgels on behalf of one whose laurels have withered so entirely. No doubt Mr. Lenygon is right in considering Kent did immense service to his patrons in helping them to adapt "Palladian architecture to the requirements of the mansions they were erecting and transforming in England", but we cannot account it to him for righteousness that he made himself useful in turning "stately-buildid housen" into magnificent and elegantly decorated edifices—so useful indeed that it is impossible to think of him apart from splendid structures, suitably embellished, designed to convey to strangers a high opinion of the riches of our nobility. Mr. Lenygon tries to refute the charge of clumsiness often brought against furniture designed by Kent, and excuses the heaviness of it on the ground that he did not work for people of small means: "His furniture and decoration were invariably intended for stately classic mansions." There is truth in this, and it is fortunate Mr. Lenygon has caught something of the stilted style of dialect affected by the superior person of the early eighteenth century, for it helps to explain his favourite. We do not blame Kent for not being ahead of his time; he was a pedant catering for pedants in an age when beauty had become confounded with grandeur.

Ruskin, defining "proud admiration" as "the delight most worldly people take in showy, large, or complete buildings for the sake of the importance which such buildings confer on themselves as their possessors or admirers", condemns the architect who courts that kind of applause, experience having led him to believe that the "love of largeness, and especially of symmetry (is) invariably associated with vulgarity and narrowness of mind".

In varying degrees we all worship with Ruskin, and

maybe this is why the men of the early eighteenth century are no longer greatly venerated. Nevertheless, dislike of symmetry can be carried too far, decoration is a science to be studied with discretion, and we can learn much from the early Georgian architects who understood the importance of the fireplace, gave dignity to the chimneypiece, and remembered that in decorating a room nothing should clash with the design of the most prominent feature in it. Nowadays furnishing is apt to be a haphazard business, and the ornamentation of the interiors of our houses seldom shows any well-thought-out scheme; but there are signs that the architect is coming to his own again, and when he does perhaps he will kindly avoid some of the extravagance of his predecessors and bear in mind that art was made for man, not man for art.

There are over two hundred pictures in Mr. Lenygon's book, and they include examples of woodpanelling and plaster ornament, of velvets and damasks, of tapestries and floor carpets, besides specimens of articles of furniture of many different sorts. Decorative paintings have been allotted a proper share in the illustrations, and we are glad to find lacquer and English gessowork have not been forgotten.

The architect will agree with Mr. Lenygon that for artistic effect there is no covering for walls to compare with panelling; the plasterer will sympathise with the opinion that the possibilities of the plastic substance on which he endeavours to thrive are insufficiently appreciated; the upholsterer will be grateful for being reminded there was once a stuff describable as a strong, woollen, "watered" rep, which made an excellent covering for chairs and settees; the carpet manufacturer with yearnings towards perfection will doubtless own himself in debt for having his attention directed to the composition and colouring of the classic designs of the mid-eighteenth century. The collector and dealer must in like manner admit their obligation to Mr. Lenygon for drawing their notice to the merits of gessowork; and those about to marry owe him thanks for gently pointing out that Amorini will fly out of the window if objects displaying a trace of the "Grecian" taste are forced to keep company with anything belonging to an earlier period than their own.

Surely the benefactor of so large a number of people may be forgiven a pronounced preference for the split infinitive?

A CROAKER'S CHAGRIN.

"An Empire in Pawn." By A. J. Wilson. London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

N EARLY twenty years ago Mr. A. J. Wilson made a prophecy. The prophecy was that the Empire, especially the colonies, must soon bankrupt, as a result of borrowing. The prophecy has not come true. Instead of bankrupting, they have borrowed more, whereupon the prophet has become cross and published a book, which would be a better book were he not cross. He wants to explain now that they upset his prophecy by their additional borrowing; in other words, that they defeated the disease by increasing the cause; but he confesses that he did not foresee how they might do it. Such oversight in a prophet makes us unsatisfied now with his renewal of the prophecy, even if he is wise enough on this occasion to extend the time. Why should they not again do something which he does not foresee, as they did before? He writes about the statesmen of the Empire as if they were specially occupied to injure his character as a prophet. He is very hard on Australia, and attributes "aberrations" to Mr. Deakin, merely because Mr. Deakin doubted the prophecy that was not true. No man ever wrote a good book on such a subject in such a temper. It is not a subject for prophecy. When a man comes to a subject like this in the character of a prophet, his need to make it appear that he is right makes impartial investigation psychologically impossible. Accordingly, he has done the colonies and their statesmen an undeserved injury, without any compensating service that can be seen.

Insolvency from borrowing depends on the use made of what is borrowed, and trustworthy investigation of this might be really instructive, but the author cannot be said to have attempted it. From the facts in our own knowledge we are satisfied that the borrowers can show assets for their liabilities.

ROME IN ITS LITERATURE.

"A Literary History of Rome." By J. Wight Duff. London and Leipsic: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

THOSE of us who remember Mr. Wight Duff's version of Catullus XXIV. ("Dianæ sumus in fide") in the "Classical Review" (November 1908) will be prepared for a display of poetic sympathy and insight in his appreciations of Roman poetry, and all through this volume we find versions of the Latin extracts executed with a good deal of grace by the author himself. It is an open question whether, in criticising Greek or Latin authors, one should do one's own translating or trust to well-known versions; but in this book a good deal of the translation, whether in prose or verse, is quite excellent, and an author who can render so many diverse writers adequately appeals to us at once as an understanding critic at any rate. "Catullus makes mouths at our speech", and not Catullus alone. Most translations are unsatisfactory, one way or another, but nevertheless, when translation and criticism are by the same hand the effect is greatly enhanced. Either reacts upon the other. In passing we may note that Vergil's plaintive

"Si qua fata aspera rumpas"

is rather misrepresented by the staccato abruptness of "couldst thou but cleave grim doom", and the well-nigh unapproachable pathos of

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt"

finds fitter expression in Arnold's

"The sense of tears in human things",

or in Myers' expansion of the line and a half,

"Tears answer tears and honour honour brings,
And mortal hearts are moved by mortal things",

than in our author's

"Tears haunt the world; man's fortunes touch man's heart".

But in this large and comprehensive volume there is infinitely more than a selection of well-rendered extracts. There is labour and erudition and a keen sense of literary values, which go far to justify the retracing of so much old familiar ground.

The work extends from the "origins" in the rude folk-songs and the hymns of the Arval Brethren to the close of the Golden Age in the "lepor" of Catullus, the "urbanitas" of Horace and the sonorous prose of Livy. The title is well chosen. "A Literary History of Rome" is not the same thing as "A History of Roman Literature". The standpoint is different and implies a scheme which shall trace the inevitable development of the literature from the nature, history and environment of the people who produce the literature, and this is perhaps the most valuable part of the book; herein it is an admirable counterpart to that remarkable "Latin Literature" of Professor Mackail, which came out so modestly and so effectively in the guise of a "University Extension Manual".

With the development of the town into the Empire came a corresponding extension of the literary frontiers; while in the early days Andronicus was a Greek and Terence an African, the Empire gives us Spaniards in Seneca, Lucan and Martial, and Africa in Apuleius and S. Augustine. For we must here note that though Mr. Duff does not pursue his investigations beyond the Golden Age, he closes his volume with these words: "So one is to realise that Latin prose runs on from Cicero to Lactantius, Jerome and

Augustine, to Thomas Aquinas, Erasmus, Bacon, and Grotius; and that Latin poetry runs on from Virgil to Ausonius and Claudian, and from Catullus to Prudentius and Boethius, and so on to the Neo-Latin poets. Herein there is nothing derogatory to the dignity of the best work of the best period." Elsewhere also he reminds us, most usefully at the present moment, when classical studies are attacked on many sides, that Latin never really became a dead language, though it survived mainly as a literary medium. Church and State, lawyers, priests and diplomats, philosophers and scientists, all expressed themselves in Latin till comparatively a late date, and even now Latin is in active use as a vehicle of communication and of controversy between scholars of various aims and nationalities. Latin was the common tongue of the civilised world, and the world is a fool for not keeping it. At least it would have saved us from Esperanto or other invented jargon. Organisation, disciplined unity, this is the keynote of the Roman character, and this is reflected in the literature of the people. Gravitas, virtus, pietas, sobriety of outlook, manliness, duty to Heaven and one's kin, these moral qualities are valued as holding together family and State. Mr. Duff says well: "The practical largely determines the course and themes of Roman literature. The businesslike Roman character explains why Latin literary works have a more intimate bearing on contemporary circumstances than Greek literary works have. . . . Some of the best Greek literature rose divinely from individual inspiration. . . . Most Roman writers answered some definite demand of their day. They seem less instinct with subtly incalculable forces. Before their experiments comes not merely the suggestion of a want to be met, but also, as a stimulating model, the successful achievement of the Greeks. This is apt to make Roman literature appear by comparison unoriginal". The whole passage is too long for full citation, but will repay study.

This same practicality is well shown and even rhetorically exaggerated to the unnecessary disparagement of Roman oratory in Vergil's well-known lines:

"Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
Orabunt causas melius, cælique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."

We all remember how Mummius, when removing the priceless masterpieces of Greek art from captured Corinth, bade his workmen handle them carefully, as if they were damaged, they would have to be replaced. Yet the Roman mind was remarkably receptive. He borrowed freely and willingly from alien literatures and religions.

"Grecia capta ferum victorem cepit"

is a tag with some truth in it. But "the Roman borrowed in a Roman way. He left his impress on the Greek material. . . . Throughout the Roman mark abides, modified, but never obliterated". Between Homer and Vergil, Horace and the Greek lyrists there are fundamental differences of thought and of expression underlying surface resemblances, and the contrast produces new forms of art. The chapter on "The Invasion of Hellenism" in particular will be found informing, following closely as it does on an elaborate analysis of the primitive Latin writings, such as the Saturnian verse and the "Satura". The influence of the former on later poetry and the conflict of its qualitative scansion with the quantitative system adopted subsequently is well brought out in a little book "Stress Accent in Latin Poetry", which we reviewed some years since. It is a remarkable fact that the trochee, which in this form was so freely used by the early writers, was finally revived in the "Pervigilium Veneris", which is, at the same time, in its still rigorous quantitative scansion, one of the last efforts of expiring classicism, and yet, in its general coincidence of prose and verse stresses, brings us near to the accentual Latin poetry of the Middle Ages.

The Satura again is deeply interesting as the only absolutely native product which persisted in individuality and won a place in Roman literature. The term (full dish, *lanx satura*) implies an offering of first fruits to Ceres and Bacchus. From the varied contents thereof it comes to mean a medley, a farrago of rustic music and dialogue, originally half dramatic. This in time lost its grip of the stage, being displaced by the Greek type of play with a connected plot, but through Lucilius it developed into the "Satire" of Juvenal and Horace, Dryden and Pope; and Juvenal's phrase "*farrago libelli*" is clearly traceable to its origin.

The chapters on Ennius and Nævius, Plautus and Terence, are full of interest, though not strikingly novel; the short-lived Roman epic, the fragments of tragedy, which appears again in the hands of Seneca, are all carefully treated. But most readers will be more at home with the Golden Age, which Mr. Duff divides into two periods—the Ciceronian and the Augustan. In the former Lucretius is admirably handled, and it is interesting to compare our author's views with those of Sellar, Dr. Masson, and Professor Mackail. We have also chapters on Catullus, whom he interprets finely, Varro, Cicero, Sallust, and Cæsar. He deals with Cicero at great length, and his views, like all those expressed on that remarkable man of words, are open to controversy. If we have nothing altogether fresh on some of these authors, at any rate the old is restated clearly and vigorously. In the Augustan period we find Vergil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, and, passing over others of minor interest, he concludes with Livy. Here there is a statement concerning the style of Livy and Tacitus that one feels inclined to challenge. He says: "Like the 'Annals' of Tacitus, the preface opens with a metrical movement (*Facturusne operæ pretium sim*) sounding as it were a note in unison with that poetic ring in the earliest legends", etc. Also he quotes as "a piece of hexameter verse", conveying "poeticus color", the words (xxii. 50. 10): "*Hæc ubi dicta dedit stringit gladium cuneoque facto per medios.*" But surely this "dropping into poetry", like the Tacitean opening he mentions, "*Urbem Romam a principio reges habuere*", is an accident and a blemish in prose, as rhymes are in blank verse. Moreover, the lines he quotes make very indifferent and prosaic verse. Tacitus does use Vergilian phrases in a prose rhythm, which is quite another matter.

So much has been written on Latin authors, especially those of the Golden Age, that it might appear a difficult and thankless task to take up the tale anew, but Mr. Duff's success is great enough to justify the experiment.

THE MENTAL MACHINERY.

"Psychology and Crime." By Hugo Münsterberg. London: Unwin. 5s. net.

THE mind, so far as we can perceive it, acts only through the physical medium, which is at all times liable to go wrong and to become abnormal or diseased. The old and arbitrary ideas according to which a person must be either perfectly sane or incoherently mad are no longer credited. A knowledge of the multiplication table is not now looked upon as a test of absolute compos-mentisness, although the alienist is looked on with some suspicion, as tending to upset the simplicity of assumptions, though they be often anachronical and false.

Professor Münsterberg has something to say about border-land cases, upon suggestion and hysteria as causes of crimes, and upon hypnotism as a means of cure; in this he is following on the path of Schrenck-Notzing, Milne Bramwell and many others, and it is well, for the unhappy victims of strange passions will receive rather treatment than punishment when the truth is realised. The present work, however, deals mainly with testimony, and we are reminded by means of experiments, and to an extent which would make a prospective jurymen feel very uncomfortable, how great may be the

difference between truth-intending and truth-telling by a person giving evidence. People constantly "see" what they expect to behold, easily picture anything suggested to them, and often, as Dr. Tylor tells us is the case with savages, confuse imaginings with actual facts: thus George IV. fancied he had fought at Waterloo, and frequently talked about it, to the embarrassment of his entourage. But in spite of the shortcomings of witnesses, it is very doubtful if the psychological precautions suggested by the author against mistaken and misleading evidence could be adopted in practice.

On the other hand the experiments carried out by Dr. Jung at Zurich, by the author from Harvard, and by Dr. Peterson in New York, do seem to point to ways of extracting confessions more subtle than the cross-examination of counsel and more humane and reliable than the bullying and cruelty of what in America seem to be called the "third degree" police. By means of such instruments as the psychometer and the chronoscope, both the nerve force expended and the time taken in replying to questions can be measured and noted. In using the latter, the normal time taken to answer by the person examined is ascertained. He is then given a number of words to which he must call, as quickly as possible, the associated ideas—as, for instance, black-white, cat-dog, rat-trap, and so on.

Amongst the words chosen are dangerous ones relating to the movements of the accused and to some details of the crime committed. If he is guilty, he will very likely make incriminating replies to them; or he will have to pause to select his words—and the hiatus is noted, down to fractions of a second, upon a dial. Again, if he thinks that he has committed himself there will be a shock, and a gap will come immediately after the telling word and may inhibit a perfectly harmless one, which would be ominous. Such a system of thought-analysis, worked out with all the refinements of which it is capable, would prove a deadly instrument of investigation in the hands of an acute and patient Juge d'Instruction with plenty of time, and might explain many a mystery which would otherwise rest unsolved.

THE LOT OF THE TAILORESS.

"Makers of our Clothes." By Mrs. Carl Meyer and Clementina Black. London: Duckworth. 1909. 5s.

IF it is the intention of the authors by writing this book to help the campaign against sweated industries, they are a little late in the field. Perhaps their idea is to keep the Government up to the mark, hence texts from Ecclesiasticus and a dedication to the President of the Board of Trade. The authors and their friends record the information gleaned from a series of visits (spread over a year) to workers employed in the wholesale tailoring trades, and although this work is spoken of as investigation, there appears to have been no systematic attempt to verify the stories told. In any event little is added to the long tale of newspaper articles, Parliament speeches, and drawing-room meetings which have been since the sweated-industries exhibition. It is difficult to gather whether Mrs. Meyer and Miss Black appeal to sentiment or to economics. Perhaps both; and the mixture may account for the evident confusion of thought which results in such expressions as "tolls levied by the landlords", "exorbitant rents", and "the duty of not underselling less fortunate competitors". Miss Black can do better than this; we regret she has not drawn on her long experience of labour questions to give us something more practical than cheap Radical denunciation. These "investigations" disclose good and bad employers, some well-paid and many ill-paid workers, a large proportion of the latter struggling along on wages much below any reasonable subsistence level. It is these underpaid workers whom the Trade Boards Bill now before Parliament is designed to help. The Bill is certain to become law; and to carry out its provisions trade boards, representing employers and employed, under the guiding influence of the Board of Trade, will be empowered to establish a minimum-wage standard.

The difficulty of fixing a minimum piece-work wage for home workers is fully recognised by Miss Black, as also is the not improbable transference of most of their work to factories and workshops. These workers, mainly women, are usually either lonely fighters in the industrial world, widows, or the wives of men in underpaid casual labour only. Some are efficient; the majority weak, sick, and inefficient. The standard of work must inevitably be set by the efficient, who will certainly benefit by the fixing of a minimum limit; while those whose inefficiency, from whatever cause resulting, prevents them reaching the standard, must as certainly be driven to seek public assistance. Probably the ultimate effect on the race will be all to the good, but in the meantime there must be for some years an increasing burden on the poor rate. In any event it will no longer be possible to exploit charity and occasional out-relief for bridging over the chasm between the sweated and the living wage. Social reformers will to that extent be nearer to the radical treatment of one form of unemployment. It is disappointing that Miss Black gives no indication of the manner in which it is proposed to organise the women workers in the tailoring trade. The difficulty is very real: there is no cohesion or unity of purpose among them, and often the lines between employer, middleman, and worker are very faintly defined. Yet if the scheme is to be successful the workers themselves must be directly represented; social reformers of another class, however devoted and experienced, cannot replace them for all purposes.

The possibility of competition from imported goods made under sweated conditions is very lightly regarded by Mrs. Meyer and Miss Black. In support of their belief nothing is advanced beyond a few of those well-worn economic platitudes which do duty in so many modern books on social reform. "In all Europe", they say, "the movement for the establishment of a minimum wage is now strong and growing." Possibly; but the standard of the rest of Europe is not so high as in England, and there are many people who think the preservation of their own standard would be best assured by a reasonable tariff. Evidently in this book tariff is taboo; but for the benefit of those who think there is some connexion between tariffs and social reform we may quote "it was interesting to find that piece-work rates for certain processes are practically the same in Breslau as in London", and again, one young married couple "investigated" in Tottenham Court Road had lived for some time in New York, "and the wife thinks that food and housing were no dearer there in proportion to wages and were much more comfortable". By way of appendix the facts concerning a number of cases investigated in Germany and in England are offered for examination. The social conditions disclosed are certainly interesting, but nothing very definite can be deduced.

NOVELS.

"The Pools of Silence." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 6s.

The Congo atrocities are the subject of Mr. Stacpoole's latest novel. He deals with them in characteristically vigorous fashion, and his lurid descriptions bring home even to the least imaginative an idea of the monstrous and unspeakable things that are committed by what the author calls "the greatest murder syndicate the world has ever seen". We do not know that Mr. Stacpoole is justified in calling King Leopold a "murderer". Such references to a reigning monarch are much better omitted, especially in the pages of a novel, where the writer can manipulate fact or fiction to suit his purpose. We are not in a position to test the truth of the author's general picture, but we observe that in the prefatory note he refers the reader to the report of H.M. Consul in the Congo in proof of his assertion that the condition of the country has remained practically unaltered since its transference from the hands of the King to the hands of the Belgian Govern-

ment. Apart from its avowed purpose the novel, although it errs rather on the side of sensationalism, may be recommended. Its hero is a young American doctor who accompanies Captain Berselius on an expedition to Central Africa in search of big game and money. His horror at the treatment of the natives meets with no sympathy from Berselius, who is an interesting type of the primitive man with his ferocity and blood-lust. There are some thrilling descriptions of elephant hunting, and the scenic effects are vivid.

"Everybody's Secret." By Dion Clayton Calthrop. London: Alston Rivers. 1909. 6s.

This is an example of the successful treatment of a sexual problem from the healthy and common-sense standpoint. Mr. Calthrop handles a very delicate theme in his novel, and handles it tactfully and well. His book is quite devoid of offence, and is evidence once again of the intense importance of manner in treating of certain matters. For the story that the author tells turns upon the discovery by the hero that the woman whom he has married has had a child by another man. Toby Quarrenden is a delightful creation. He is one of those healthy, simple-minded, lovable people who believe in the goodness of everybody, and who consequently bring out as a rule the best in everybody. There is a general conspiracy on the part of his friends to keep up his belief in human nature. There is real tense drama in the author's description of Toby's discovery of his wife's past, and the situation is treated sympathetically and convincingly. The book is full of good things, and can be cordially recommended.

"Dromina." By John Ayscough. Bristol: Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1909. 6s.

Mr. Ayscough reminds us in this novel that there is no end and no beginning to any story, and this may be true if one thinks of a story as just a tiny section of an eternal thread extending both ways beyond it. But as applied to the novelist's art it is surely a theory making for formlessness. And there is a cinematograph-like lack of "composition" about the many figures crowded into this recital of the romantic fortunes of the house of M. Morogh, whose seat was Dromina Castle. Many people like the cinematograph; and they do not often see so many uncrowned kings jostling one another as here—the Cardinal Duke of York, the Dauphin Charles Louis Bourbon, and M. Morogh himself, who believes that he is de jure King of Ireland, not to mention his descendant who snatches an imperial throne by a coup d'état. It is magnificent, but it is not enough concentrated in interest to move us much.

"Diana Dethroned." By W. M. Letts. London: Lane. 1909. 6s.

The "note" of this novel is that mistakes in life are inevitable, and do not very much matter, so long as people behave nicely in the unfortunate circumstances that ensue. Perhaps this is true, but wise people are in favour of a little looking before leaping, even if thereby they—not to mention the others occasionally involved—escape much wholesome tribulation. But, be that as it may, this story, well written though it is, makes anything but exhilarating reading. Not on that account, of course, can we say it is untrue to life. Indeed, we feel sure that the emotional young ass of twenty-three, who sheds tears over a dead dog and desires when elated to slide down banisters, would be likely enough to marry twice—each time an unsuitable girl—and die early leaving offspring by both of them; and we gather that the author thinks the youth behaved as nicely as was possible in the circumstances. Perhaps this is true, also: and herein (and in like happenings) lies such force as the story has. As to the heroine, who is likened to Diana, she leaves us cold even when "dethroned"—that is to say, when developed through suffering into something like a normal human being.

"Moon of Valleys." By David Whitelaw. London: Greening. 1909. 6s.

This is a sensational story, written round a mysterious Oriental jewel. The characters themselves take a hand

in the telling; and there is a hieroglyphic picture pointing to the whereabouts of the hidden treasure. If the book cannot claim much originality of theme or method, it is bright, and skilfully contrived to keep the attention of those readers who want excitement of a harmless kind, and do not pay too nice a regard to probabilities.

"The Waking Hour." By Harold Wintle. London: Unwin. 1909. 6s.

The three principal figures in this novel are a hard and unnatural woman, a vicious clerk in Holy Orders, and a duke who says "You ain't". They can hardly have been meant to be charming, and they fail to startle because, as presented, they are so palpably unreal.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Law and Custom of the Constitution." By Sir William R. Anson. Vol. I. 4th Edition. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

This volume is that one of the three forming the work which deals with Parliament, and has passed through four editions, while that on the Crown has passed through three, since the first publication in 1886. Sir William Anson revises his book when there are controversies pending which will have important results for the history and functions of Parliament. At present it is more than ever the case that while the British Constitution is being described it is changing its character. No one, says the author, "who tries to describe the Constitution of to-day can fail to be impressed with a sense of the passing and ephemeral character of nearly everything that is to be said and written on the subject, and with the instability of things as they are". In broad outline, our institutions are what they were when the first edition appeared, but "a change has come over their working which sooner or later may call for some change in their structure". So that though Sir William has no important changes to note in the relation of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, the present controversies give a new colour to what he says on this point. He has to handle as a lawyer questions on which as a Conservative politician he is at issue with a Liberal Government. On the dispute as to finance Bills he holds the view that the constitutional practice is against the power of rejection by the Lords; but it must be noted that it is only an opinion on the results of very recent precedents which have nothing like the force of those which prevent the Lords from imposing a tax. Moreover, it leaves open the question of "tacking" which arises on the present financial proposals; and as to this the right of the Lords is indisputable. On other matters, such as the strong claim which the defects of the representative system give the Lords to interpret the feeling of the country as to measures involving fundamental changes, or the Liberal plan to turn Parliament virtually into one Chamber, this book is a sound gospel. "If we are to contemplate", says the author, "the transfer of legislative sovereignty to a single Chamber, wherein the time of one Parliament would probably be engaged in undoing the work of its predecessor under conditions of discussion limited, as at present, by the guillotine, we should have departed a long way from the constitutional ideas of the nineteenth century".

"A History of Modern Banks of Issue." By Charles A. Conant. New York and London: Putnam. 1909.

This is a voluminous and erudite treatise on the banking systems of the world, too technical and elaborate for the general reader, but valuable for the students and practitioners of finance. There is an interesting account of the American panic in 1907 in the final chapter. Mr. Conant shows how events had for ten years (1897-1907) been making for a financial catastrophe. A financial crisis invariably occurs when the circulating capital of the world is converted too rapidly and disproportionately into fixed capital. In the decade in question there had been three wars—the South African war, the Russo-Japanese war, and the war between Spain and the United States. These wars had absorbed about £560,000,000 of the circulating capital of the world. After the conclusion of peace there was, as there always is, a great expansion of trade to replace the waste of material. There were innumerable issues by Governments, municipalities, railways, and combinations of commercial undertakings called trusts. This process of creating new securities converted circulating into fixed capital at too rapid a rate, and suddenly the world awoke to the fact that there was not enough money to go round. This produced the panic of

1907, which was one of the most violent and quite the shortest which the world has ever seen. The rapid recovery was due to the fact that the fixed capital, the instrument of industry, was there all the time. Amongst other interesting facts, Mr. Conant tells us that the gold produced between 1890 and 1907 was equal to half the production of gold in the preceding four centuries—an astounding thing.

"Through Uganda to Mount Elgon." By the Rev. J. B. Purvis. London: Unwin. 1909. 6s.

There have been published lately a good many books dealing incidentally or wholly with missionary enterprise in East Africa. Mr. Purvis however went beyond the now almost beaten track, and his book should be read by all interested in mission work. He has many notes of what he saw on the way up to Mount Elgon from the coast, but the chief novelty of the book is the description of the Masaba people and country. In Masaba the conditions are totally different from those in Uganda. The natives are friendly and trustful and "there is no king or feudal chief to influence his followers one way or the other. Every man, woman and child claims to be independent, and we often see the effect of this independence on our school children". The chief difficulty of the missionary is the unsettling of the native mind which follows his first efforts, and it is necessary to remember the Luganda proverb that "he who goes slowly reaches far".

"The Voice of the Orient." By Mrs. Walter Tibbits. London: Long. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Tibbits has in her something of the spirit which secured her ancestor who settled in Ireland in Elizabeth's day the title of Adventurer. She adventures much: she has explored many of the hidden corners of India from Bombay to the Wangat Valley, and she reads more into what she sees than most people. "All sensitive natures feel to a greater or less degree the working within themselves of the ferment of the East" when they "pass down the Red Sea", she says. She appears to have passed down the Red Sea in a ferment the consequences of which have been to her momentous. The East has not called to her in vain, either on the spiritual or the material side. Everything in the peninsula appeals to her until she becomes almost more Eastern than the Indians themselves. For her India is everything that is romantic, picturesque, poetic and fateful. Of what she has seen she writes for the most part admirably, and there is more true colour in her chapters than in most colour-books. But she is a woman. That alone can explain the inclusion among the illustrations of two pictures of herself. It is a weakness which may lead many to regard "the Voice" not as that of the Orient, but of a fashionable woman of the Occident. To take such a view would be unfair to a book that is by no means ordinary.

THEOLOGY.

"The Pauline Epistles: a Critical Study." By R. Scott. Edinburgh: Clark. 1909. 6s. net.

The Epistles ascribed to S. Paul have been a critical problem for so long that it may seem impossible to say anything fresh about them. If we accept the traditional authorship and date they fall into four groups: (a) Thessalonians, (b) Galatians—Corinthians—Romans, (c) Ephesians—Philippians—Colossians—Philemon, and (d) Pastorals; and these groups are separated so widely from each other both in subject-matter and style that it is not an easy matter to answer a critic who urges that if S. Paul wrote the first he could not have written the last; the third and fourth groups have often been ruled out on these grounds. Dr. Scott has now carried the argument from internal evidence considerably further; he pleads that if we are to judge authorship by subject-matter, treatment, and style, we must be prepared not only to divide by groups but to cut up single epistles; for almost every epistle contains some features characteristic of others. He therefore boldly gives us four groups arranged on a new and original plan. The first, purely Pauline, consists of I. Corinthians (except xv. 20-34), II. Corinthians (except vi. 14-vii. 1, xiii. 11-14), Romans i.-xi., Galatians, Philippians, Romans xvi. 1-16, 21-24. The second comprises a series of documents mainly attributed to S. Paul, but in reality composed by Silas; these are: Ephesians, Hebrews, I. Peter, I. Thessalonians iv.-v., II. Thessalonians i.-ii., Romans xii., xiii., xv., I. Corinthians xv. 20-34, II. Corinthians vi. 14-vii. 1, the Gospel of S. Matthew in its present form, and perhaps slight elements in the Acts. The third consists of I. Thessalonians i.-iii., II. Thessalonians iii., Colossians, Philemon, Romans xiv., and the final editorship of S. Mark's Gospel; of these Timothy is the author. The fourth consists of the Pastoral Epistles which are assigned to

S. Luke. The documents are throughout divided according to authorship rather than date; thus Dr. Scott, though denying the direct Pauline authorship of the Pastorals, would separate II. Timothy from Philippians by only a few months, and regard it as a dying message of the Apostle, dictated by him to S. Luke, or written by the latter from memory soon after the Apostle's martyrdom.

The author has worked out his theory with care and ingenuity; but it is too complicated and elaborate, and only proves to us how subjective the "internal-evidence" argument can become, and consequently how weak. He has formed his own rigid conception of what S. Paul must have been, and everything which does not agree with it is rejected. It is a very narrow, limited S. Paul that is given us; one who writes on few subjects and always in the same way, who never uses a Greek word in more than one sense or in reference to more than one object. Diversities of thought or expression between an acknowledged or disputed epistle, or chapter, are always held to establish difference of authorship; and difference of authorship once assumed, similarities are put down to servile copying; instances are only allowed to count one way. The conservative student may reasonably protest that such a theory falls by its own weight; it is at least as likely that S. Paul's style was not absolutely uniform, or his mental attitude immovable, as that every one of his epistles should be a mosaic. Dr. Scott himself is far more convincing when he is pointing out resemblances than when he is detecting discrepancies; he cannot for a moment make us doubt that Thessalonians or Philemon were written by S. Paul; but he has certainly succeeded in pointing out a series of surprising resemblances throughout the Pauline Epistles, Hebrews, I. Peter, the Synoptic Gospels, the Acts, and even I. John; and these can be best explained by supposing them to belong to much the same time, place, and atmosphere; to have proceeded from a very small circle of writers, intimately connected with each other, thinking the same thoughts, using the same terms; that is, from the Apostolic leaders of the primitive Church. This book is more conservative than the author imagines.

"The Old Testament in the Light of the Religion of Babylonia and Assyria." By J. Evans Thomas. London: Black. 1909.

Mr. Thomas has made a handy summary of the recent discoveries in Babylonia and Assyria, and of the traditions to which they bear witness; and he has carefully compared these with the corresponding records in the Old Testament, not always to the advantage of the latter. The reader who wishes, without going deeply into the subject, to know something about the Babylonian legends as to the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Flood, or such a legal code as the Laws of Hammurabi, will find them conveniently presented here; only he may feel inclined to protest that it is not a simple presentation that is placed before him, but a presentation with a purpose—that of showing that not only in its history and accounts of the origin of the world or of mankind, but even in its definitely religious teaching, the Old Testament occupies no unique position and gives evidence of no special revelation, but has simply assimilated the current beliefs of the greater nations of the East. Greater authorities, such as Dr. Driver, are somewhat more cautious not only in what they state but in what they suggest, and Mr. Thomas' compilation would have been valuable if his bias had not been so obvious.

"The Gospel of Human Needs." Being the Hulsean Lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge, 1903-9, with additions. By J. N. Figgis. London: Longmans. 1909. 4s. 6d. net.

The title of this book is a more accurate definition of its contents than the preface. There, Dr. Figgis describes his lectures as an attempt to show that miracles are a help rather than a stumbling-block to faith. After such a declaration we naturally look for a systematic defence or explanation of the miraculous element in Christianity. But we get something different—a protest, at times rising to eloquence, at times sinking to smartness, against the tyranny of intellectualism in the religious sphere; and a plea on behalf of the romantic element, of mystery and poetry, as being equally real things, and as answering equally deep needs of the human soul. The lecturer describes, and describes well, the religious unrest of the present day and its impatience, not only with the traditional creeds of the Church, but also with the triumphant secularism of the mid-Victorian epoch, and all its naive faith in the saving virtues of education and physical science. He is at his best when criticising the critics; his constructive work is not very convincing, and it does not come to much more than saying "Life is real and grim for the masses; they do not want clever theories, and they will not chop logic; nothing but the presence of God

Himself in their midst will give romance to their drudgery and victory to their moral struggles; let them grasp this great miracle—the perpetual presence of Christ in Church and Sacrament—and the other miracles will fall into their right place". We believe this is true; but it is not proved by simply saying so; it can only be proved by that same logic which we rate so highly when we can silence an opponent with it, and so cheaply when the opponent silences us. Dr. Figgis himself uses it deftly in attacking Modernism and showing that we cannot deny all the facts in the Gospel story and yet claim to believe in the Gospel religion; we wish there had been more argument and less rhetoric in the earlier lectures.

"God with us: a Study in Religious Idealism." By W. R. Boyce Gibson, Lecturer in Philosophy at the University of London. London: Black. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Boyce Gibson's book consists of a series of reviews of Professor Eucken, Professor Stanley Hall, Professor James, and others. The volume is dedicated to Rudolf Eucken, and very appropriately; for no man has done more than the writer to popularise Eucken among us, and Eucken's influence is in these pages apparent everywhere. There are good things in these essays, but they are not written in English. What language is this?—"The natural unself-conscious egoism of the prepubertal period", or "the phyletic inspiration of childhood is palæo-atavistic, that of adolescence neo-atavistic". We are told that the main credential for our religious vocation lies not so much in our being human as in our having been young. In adolescence "with the expansion of the love-life comes the urgent call for its control". "Nature and spirit battle for the empery of love. Nature, the passionate will to live, counsels abandonment; spirit urges restraint. . . . The premature passage from adolescence to maturity is above all things to be avoided. The inspirations of later life have their main source in this springtime of the soul". This is probably true. The whole chapter gains in significance from the author's eagerness to found the moral upon the religious.

"The Jew and Human Sacrifice [Human Blood and Jewish Ritual]. an Historical and Sociological Inquiry." By H. L. Strack. Translated from the Eighth Edition, with Corrections, New Preface, and Additions by the Author. London: Cope and Fenwick. 1909.

From time to time we still hear of anti-Semitic riots consequent on child murders, in distant parts of Europe. A child mysteriously disappears, or its body is found horribly mutilated; and, with a persistence that suggests either deep-rooted tradition or deliberate malice, the rumour spreads that the murder was committed by Jews, in order to secure the victim's blood for ritual purposes. Professor Strack, of Berlin, who is one of the foremost authorities on Jewish history in Europe, has produced an exhaustive treatise on the use of human blood in primitive medicine, magic and superstition; and his researches show not only that its use would be absolutely repugnant to the whole spirit of Jewish religion and tradition, but that sometimes Jews themselves have been murdered by Christians for blood-ritual purposes. To us in England his book will have mainly an academic interest; it will take its place among learned contributions to the science of comparative religion; the ordinary reader need not concern himself with the unpleasant beliefs and practices of half-civilised man, or with the dark stories of tortures inflicted upon unhappy Jews to make them confess crimes they had never committed. But the prefaces to Dr. Strack's numerous German editions make it clear that on the Continent the calumny is still sedulously circulated and widely believed; and in thus publicly refuting it he has stood up boldly for the cause of truth and righteousness.

"Life after Death." By S. C. Gayford. London: Masters. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Gayford knows how to give sober and reverent treatment to a very solemn subject. He sets forth what reason, the Bible, and the Church teach us as to the condition of the departed, the intermediate state, the Last Judgment, and the final condition of the saved and of the impenitent; and he sets it forth simply, but with adequate learning and a due sense of responsibility; if our junior clergy would study this little book before preaching on the last things it would be good both for themselves and for their congregations. On the question of eternal punishment we notice a slight wavering in the writer's position; he rejects the doctrines of conditional immortality and of universalism as being against Scripture, but is willing to believe that the Divine warnings as to hell-fire may prove in the end to have served their purpose so well that at the Last

(Continued on page 206.)

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Day no human being will be found condemned to the extremest penalty; which looks like rejecting universalism theoretically, and practically accepting it. After all, almost everything that can be said by uninspired lips on this question was said many years ago by Dean Church in his sermon "Sin and Judgment", and we are glad that Mr. Gayford has drawn attention to that wonderful sermon, and to the fact that it has been published separately by the S.P.C.K.

THE AUGUST REVIEWS.

South Africa, India, and the Budget are the principal political topics discussed in the magazines this month. Only the "National Review" and the "Fortnightly" have articles dealing with the Navy, the one being "The Surrender of the Sea Lords", the other "Lord Charles Beresford as Naval Expert". In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. Roderick Jones, Reuter's Agent in charge in South Africa, treats very fully the colour question, his point being that any material interference from the imperial side as to native and coloured political rights would put an end to the union. His answer to the question "What do we reap from the war except the right to send out a Governor-General and to police the Union sea-board?" seems to us naive and unduly optimistic. He assumes that South Africa will become nothing less than Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and "Her people, Dutch and English, will be British in the broadest sense".

"Blackwood" puts the question from another point of view. It discusses the relative claims of the present Government and the Opposition to the credit "for an event which all welcome". After pointing out that there were good grounds for fear at the prospect of subjection to a Dutch Government, and the attitude of hostility to Union at the earlier stages from the Boer leaders, the writer proceeds: "The grant of self-government was, no doubt, a *causa sine qua non* of the Union of South Africa. Without it there would have been no means of repressing the natural desire. But it was not the *causa causans*. To those who say that it was, we would put this question: The Cape, the Transvaal, the Free State, and Natal, were all self-governing before the war—why did they not unify then? The true cause, in our opinion, was the war of 1899-1902, and, as such, we observe, it is now recognised by both races in South Africa. Rather, perhaps, we should say the war and the labours of Lord Milner after the war". He recalls what was done and he ends thus: "When self-government came South Africa could begin nearly where Canada and Australia left off, and the further step of unification followed almost of necessity. The edifice was completed by the co-operation of both races in South Africa, with the help of another High Commissioner appointed by the Conservatives; but the foundations were laid by Mr. Balfour's Government and their great Viceroy".

Both Mr. J. D. Rees M.P. in his article in the "Fortnightly Review" and Sir Bampfylde Fuller in his article in the "Nineteenth Century" on "The Foundations of Loyalty" lay stress on the fomenting of agitation and sedition in India by the encouragement it receives from Radical teaching in England. They show with what hypocrisy the so-called constitutional agitation is being conducted in India, and they both point their remarks by reference to Mr. Banerjee. Sir Bampfylde Fuller says: "In popular idea he is inseparably connected with the denunciation of British rule and of British morality, the initiation of the boycott, and the foundation of the school political associations which have demoralised thousands of youths". The effect of arresting certain ringleaders of sedition has been marred by "the distinction with which Mr. Banerjee has been received by us as one of the representatives of the Empire's press. . . . It may seem politic to win over so eloquent, so bitter an adversary. But the favours we have shown him must have caused some curious thoughts to his Bengali followers and his Mohammedan opponents, and cannot have strengthened the respect with which either regard us." Mr. Rees states that "on the day after the murder of Sir William Curzon Wyllie" his newspaper published a speech from the well-known agitator Arabindo Ghose, of which one sentence was: "There are three words which have the power of remoulding Governments—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. The fiat of God has gone out to the Indian nation to unite—unite, be free, be great". Mr. Rees comments: "Now, this means—Away with British rule, of which Arabindo Ghose has been a determined enemy, though he escaped conviction at a recent trial".

We may mention in this connexion a very apposite article by Mr. Edward Dicey in the "Nineteenth Century" on "Hindu Students in England", in which he explains the

position of law students at the Inns of Court and the difficulties which have arisen owing to the great increase of students and the disaffection amongst them. He appears to think that the recent great increase dates from the defeat of Russia by Japan; and that it is a consequence of the demand of "India for the Indians". We suppose what he means is that these students come here to qualify themselves by study in England to be more efficient agitators when they return to their own country.

Also as to India, but leaving this class of topics, attention should be called to an article in "Blackwood", specially interesting just now when Lord Kitchener is about leaving India, on Lord Kitchener's work in the Indian Army. The article is critical, and not wholly eulogistic, but the writer believes that the scheme of Army reorganisation will be an abiding monument to Lord Kitchener's work in India.

Turning to the Budget, we find, as we should expect, that the "Nineteenth Century" and the "Contemporary" take precisely opposite views on the constitutional claim of the House of Lords to amend or reject the financial proposals of the House of Commons. The other magazines do not treat the subject in formal articles. Mr. J. A. R. Marriott's article in the "Nineteenth Century" argues that the precedents show the Lords' right of concurrence in taxation; hence the right to refuse to concur in its imposition and to reject it. This is distinct from the right to impose a tax, which the Lords do not possess, and it follows that neither can they alter or amend a proposed tax. Referring to the distinction which Lord Salisbury made in 1894 on the Finance Bill, Mr. Marriott points out the consequences if Lord Salisbury meant that the legal right could not expediently be exercised. He says this "means that the House of Lords must virtually surrender all its concurrent corporate rights in regard to taxation, that individual peers must accept a position inferior to that of the meanest voter in the Kingdom, and must shoulder burdens imposed upon them by the fiat of an assembly in which they have neither part nor lot. It means more than this. It means the constitutional omnipotence of a single-chamber legislature the like of which no great State has ever seen".

Mr. Harold Spender, in the "Contemporary", contends that this merely legal right is swallowed up in the constitutional question. He gives as illustration the Crown's right of veto; yet "None the less the King cannot exercise this right, and precisely by the same rule the Lords, as Lord Salisbury perceived, are debarred from rejecting or amending a Finance Bill". To this Mr. Marriott, judging from his treatment of the subject, would answer that even if this were so the Budget is revolutionary, and the House of Lords, as the bulwark against revolution, would be justified in meeting revolution by revolution. A propos of the Budget, we may also mention an article in the "National" on "The Burdened Landowner of England", in which Mr. Frank Fox, as an Australian, shows how much less are the burdens borne by land in Australia, where it is yet difficult to keep the people from flowing to the cities from the country. He asks: "How can England, pursuing a policy, as it seems to me, of casting large burdens on the landowning class, whilst denying them all protection, hope to keep a fair proportion of rural population?"

Lord Erroll, in the "Nineteenth", has a most sensible article on the compulsory service debate. Very good, too, are the notes in the "National" on the same subject.

Among the literary articles in the magazines the most interesting is Mr. B. W. Matz' in the "Fortnightly", on "George Meredith as Publisher's Reader", composed by Mr. Matz from the records of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to whom Meredith was literary adviser for many years. Another article in the same magazine, for those to whom Greek scholarship appeals, is Professor N. Rhys Roberts' Plutarchian comparison of "Porson and Jebb". The "Fortnightly" and the "Nineteenth Century" celebrate the centenary of Tennyson: the one with an article by the Rev. Henry W. Clark, the other with a characteristically pontifical utterance by Mr. Frederic Harrison. Each taking the test of the prophetic gift and the gift of literary charm, the result of their appraisal of Tennyson's position as a poet amounts to the same thing, and may be guessed. In the "Contemporary" an article by the Count S. C. de Soissons on "Brunetiere" is one which all who care for French literature will like to read.

The "English Review", which is in its ninth number, is almost entirely literary. There is the beginning of a novel by Mr. Henry James, called "Mora Montravers", and the rest of the contents perhaps one may compendiously describe as good for readers on holiday who are sufficiently fastidious to pass the usual holiday miscellanies.

For this Week's Books see page 208.

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